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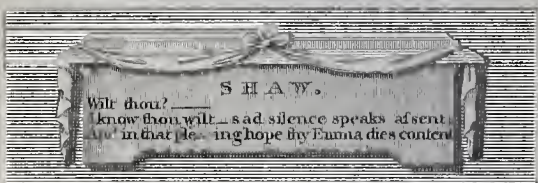


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THE
WORKS
OF THE
BRITISH POETS,
WITH
LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY
ROBERT WALSH, JR.

VOL. XXXI.

JOHNSON, ARMSTRONG, SHAW, LYTTLE-
TON, BOYSE.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. XXXI.

A

THE
LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

WE are aware that the following notice of Dr. Johnson may not be thought satisfactory ; for what can be satisfactory to those who have read Mr. Boswell's very interesting volumes, and who that has read them is unacquainted with the mind, the habits, the genius of Dr. Johnson? Still as some account is indispensable to preserve the uniformity of our plan, an attempt shall be made to compress the leading events of his life in a short narrative, which may perhaps refresh the memory, although it can add nothing to the vast fund of information already before the public.

This highly distinguished writer was born on the 18th of September 1709, at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, where his father, Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, was at that time a bookseller and stationer.

He was the eldest of two sons ; Nathaniel, the youngest, died, in 1737, in his twenty-fifth year. The father was a man of robust body and active mind, yet occasionally depressed by melancholy, which Samuel inherited. He was also a steady high churchman, and an adherent of the house of Stuart, a prejudice which his son outlived in the nation at large, without entirely conquering it in himself. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of good natural understanding, unimproved by education. Her

son acknowledged, with gratitude, that she endeavoured to instil sentiments of piety as soon as he was capable of any instruction. There is little else in his family history worthy of notice, nor had he much pleasure in tracing his pedigree. He venerated others, however, who could produce a recorded ancestry; and used to say, that in him this was disinterested, for he could scarcely tell who was his grandfather. That he was remarkable in his early years has been supposed, but many proofs of this have not been advanced by his biographers. He had, indeed, a retentive memory, and soon discovered symptoms of an impetuous temper; but these circumstances are not enough to distinguish him from hundreds of children who never attain eminence. In his infancy he was afflicted with the scrophula, which injured his sight, and he was carried to London to receive the royal touch from the hand of queen Anne, the last of the British sovereigns who encouraged that popular superstition. He was first taught to read English by a woman who kept a school for young children at Litchfield, and afterwards by one Brown. Latin he learned at Litchfield-school under Mr. Hunter, a man of severe discipline, but an attentive teacher. Johnson owned that he needed correction, and that his master did not spare him; but this, instead of being the cause of unpleasant recollections in his advanced life, served only to convince him that severity in school-education is necessary, and, in all his conversations on the subject, he persisted in pleading for a liberal use of the rod. At this school his superiority was soon acknowledged by his companions, who could not refuse submission to the ascendant which he acquired. His proficiency, however, as in every part of his life, exceeded his apparent diligence. He could learn more than others in the same allotted time, and he was learning when he seemed to be idle. He betrayed an early

aversion to stated tasks, but, if roused, he would recover the time he appeared to have lost, with great facility. Yet he seems afterwards to have been conscious that much depends on regularity of study, and we find him often prescribing to himself stated portions of reading, and recommending the same to others. No man, perhaps, was ever more sensible of his failings, or avowed them with more candour, nor indeed would many of them have been known, if he had not exhibited them as warnings. His memory was uncommonly tenacious, and to his last days he prided himself on it, considering a defect of memory as the prelude of total decay. Perhaps he carried this doctrine rather too far, when he asserted that the occasional failure of memory in a man of seventy must imply something radically wrong.

Although his weak sight prevented him from joining in the amusements of his school-fellows, for which he was otherwise well qualified by personal courage and an ambition to excel, he found an equivalent pleasure in sauntering in the fields, or reading such books as came in his way, particularly old romances. For these he retained a fondness throughout life, but was wise and candid enough to attribute to them, in some degree, that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his fixing in any profession. About the age of fifteen, he paid a long visit to an uncle, Cornelius Ford, but on his return, his master, Hunter, refused to receive him again on the foundation of Litchfield-school; what his reasons were is not known. He was then removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, where he remained about a year, with very little acquisition of knowledge: but here, as well as at Litchfield, he gave several proofs of his inclination to poetry, and afterwards published some of his juvenile productions in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. From Stourbridge he returned home,

where he remained about two years, without any regular application. His time, however, was not entirely wasted, as he employed it in reading many of the ancient writers, and stored his mind with so much various information, that when he went to Oxford, Dr. Adams said he "was the best qualified for the university that he had ever known come there." By what means his father was enabled to defray the expense of an university education, has not been very precisely told. It is generally reported that he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbet.

His friend, Dr. Taylor, assured Mr. Boswell, that he never would have gone to college had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his school-fellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, in the character of his companion, though in fact he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman. He was, however, entered a commoner of Pembroke college on the 31st October, 1728. His tutor was Mr. Jordan, a fellow of Pembroke, a man whom Johnson mentioned with respect many years after, but to whose instructions he did not pay much regard, except that he formally attended his lectures, as well as those in the college-hall. It was at Jordan's request that he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse, as a Christmas exercise. Pope is said to have expressed his high approbation of it, but critics in that language, among whom Pope could never be ranked, have not considered Johnson's Latin poems as the happiest of his compositions. When Jordan left college to accept of a living, Johnson became a scholar of Dr. Adams, who was afterwards the head of Pembroke, and with whom Johnson maintained a strict friendship to the last hour of his life.

During the vacation, in the following year, he suffered severely by an attack of his constitutional melancholy, accompanied by alternate irritation,

fretfulness and languor. It appears, however, that he resisted his disorder by every effort of a great mind, and proved that it did not arise from want of mental resources. On his return to the university, he probably continued his desultory manner of reading, and occasionally formed resolutions of regular study, in which he seldom persisted. Among his companions he was looked up to as a young man of wit and spirit, singular and unequal in temper, impatient of college rules, and not over respectful to his seniors. Such at least seems to be the result of Mr. Boswell's inquiries: but little is known with certainty except what is painful to relate, that he either put on an air of gaiety to conceal his anxious cares, or secluded himself from company, that that poverty might not be known, which at length compelled him to leave college without a degree. In 1731 he returned to Litchfield, with very gloomy prospects. His father died a few months after his return, and the little he left behind him was barely sufficient for the temporary support of his widow. In the following year Johnson accepted the place of usher of the school of Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, an employment which the pride of Sir Wolstan Dixie, the patron, soon rendered irksome, and he threw it up in a fit of disgust, which recurred whenever he recollected this part of his history. For six months after he resided at Birmingham, as the guest of Mr. Hector, an eminent surgeon, and is supposed during that time to have furnished some periodical essays for a newspaper printed by Warren, a bookseller in Birmingham. Here, too, he abridged and translated Father Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, which was published in 1735 in London. For this his first literary performance he received the small sum of five guineas. In the translation there is little that marks the hand of Johnson, but in the preface and dedication are a few passages in

the same energetic and manly style which he may be said to have invented, and to have taught to his countrymen.

In 1734, he returned to Litchfield, and issued proposals for an edition of the Latin poems of Politian, and also the life of Politian; the book to be printed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. Those who have not attended to the literary history of Britain, will be surprised that such a work could not be undertaken without the precaution of a subscription, and they will regret that in this case the subscription was so inadequate to the expense of printing as to deter Johnson from executing what probably would have made him known and patronized by the learned world. Disappointed in this scheme, he offered his services to Mr. Cave, the proprietor and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, who had given some proofs of a liberal spirit of enterprise in calling forth the talents of unknown and ingenious writers. On this occasion he suggested some improvements in the management of the Magazine, and specified the articles which he was ready to supply. Cave answered his letter, but it does not appear that any agreement was formed at this time. He soon however entered into a connection of a more tender kind, which ended in marriage. His wife, who was about twenty years older than himself, was the widow of Mr. Porter, a mercer of Birmingham, a lady whose character has been variously represented, but seldom to her discredit. She was, however, the object of his first passion, and although they did not pass the time of their union in uninterrupted harmony, he lamented her death with unfeigned sorrow, and retained an enthusiastic veneration for her memory. She had a fortune of eight hundred pounds, and with part of this he hired a large house near Litchfield, which he fitted up as an academy, where young gentlemen were to be boarded and taught the Latin and Greek

languages. Gilbert Walmsley, a man of learning and worth, whom he has celebrated by a character drawn with unparalleled elegance, endeavoured to promote this plan, but it proved abortive. Three pupils only appeared, one of whom was David Garrick: with these he made shift to keep the school open for about a year and a half, and was then obliged to discontinue it, perhaps not much against his inclination. No man knew better than Johnson what ought to be taught; but the business of education was confessedly repugnant to his habits and his temper.

During this short residence at Edial, he wrote a considerable part of his *Irene*, which Mr. Walmsley advised him to prepare for the stage, and it was probably by this gentleman's advice that he determined to try his fortune in London. His pupil Garrick had formed the same resolution, and in March, 1737, they arrived in London together. Garrick, after some farther preparatory education, was designed for the study of the law, but in three or four years went on the stage, and obtained the highest honours that dramatic fame could confer, with a fortune splendid beyond all precedent for an actor. In what manner Johnson was employed, for some time after his arrival in London, is not known. He brought a small sum of money with him, and husbanded it with frugality, while he mixed in such society as was accessible to a friendless and uncourtly scholar, and amused himself in contemplating the manners of the metropolis. It appears that at one time he took lodgings at Greenwich, and proceeded by fits to complete his tragedy. He renewed his application also to Cave, sending him a specimen of a translation of the History of the Council of Trent, and desiring to know if Cave would join in the publication of it. Cave appears to have consented: for twelve sheets were printed, for which our author received forty-nine pounds,

but another translation being announced about the same period (1738) by a rival whose name was also Samuel Johnson, librarian of St. Martins in the Fields, our author desisted, and the other design was also dropped.

In the course of the summer he went to Litchfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson, and there, during a residence of three months, finished his tragedy for the stage. On his return to London with his wife, he endeavoured to prevail on Fleetwood, the patentee of Drury-lane theatre, to accept Irene, but in this he was unsuccessful, and having no interest with any other manager, he laid aside his play in pursuit of literary employment. He had now become personally known to Cave, and began to contribute to the Magazine original poetry, Latin and English translations, biographical sketches, and other miscellaneous articles, particularly the debates in parliament, under the name of the Senate of Lilliput. At that time the debates were not allowed to be published, as now, the morning after the day of meeting, and the only safe mode of conveying the substance of them to the public was, by adopting an historical form of more distant periods. At first Johnson merely revised the manuscript, as written by Guthrie,* who then supplied this department of the Magazine; but when Guthrie had attained a higher rank among authors, the whole devolved on his coadjutor. His only materials were a few notes supplied by persons who attended the houses of parliament, from which, and sometimes from information even more scanty, he compiled a series of speeches, of which the sentiments, as well as the style, were often his own.

The value of his contributions to this Magazine, must have been soon acknowledged. It was then

* Guthrie composed the parliamentary speeches from July 1736, and Johnson succeeded him Nov. 1740, and continued them to February 1742-3.

in its infancy, and there is a visible improvement from the time he began to write for it. Cave had a contriving head, but with too much of literary quackery. Johnson, by recommending original or selected pieces, calculated to improve the taste and judgment of the public, raised the Magazine above its contemporaries, and to him we certainly owe, in a great measure, the various information and literary history for which that miscellany has ever been distinguished. By some manuscript memorandums concerning Dr. Johnson, written by the late Dr. Farmer, it appears that he was considered as the conductor and editor of the Magazine for some time, and received an hundred pounds per annum from Cave.

In the year 1738, he made his name at once known, and became highly respected among the eminent men of his time, by the publication of *London*, a piece in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. The history of this publication is not uninteresting.

Young authors did not then present themselves to the public without much cautious preparation. Johnson conveyed his poem to Cave as the production of another; of one who was "under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune," and as some small encouragement to the printer, he not only offered to correct the press, but even to alter any stroke of satire which he might dislike. Cave, whose heart appears to more advantage in this than in some other of his transactions with authors, sent a present to Johnson for the use of his poor friend, and afterwards, it appears, recommended Dodsley as a purchaser. Dodsley had just begun business, and had speculated but on a few publications of no great consequence. He had, however, judgment enough to discern the merit of the poem now submitted to him, and bargained for the whole property. The sum Johnson received was ten guineas,

and such were his circumstances, or such the state of literary property at that time, that he was fully content, and was ever ready to acknowledge Dodsley's useful patronage. The poem was accordingly published in May, 1738, and on the same morning with Pope's *Satire of Seventeen Hundred and Thirty Eight*. Johnson's was so eagerly bought up, that a second edition became necessary in less than a week. Pope behaved on this occasion with great liberality. He bestowed high praise on the *London*, and intimated that the author, whose name had not yet appeared, could not be long concealed. His *London* procured him fame, and Cave was not sorry to have engaged the services of a man whose talents had now the stamp of public approbation. Whether he had offers of patronage, or was thought a formidable enemy to the minister, is not so certain, but having leisure to calculate how little his labours were likely to produce, he soon began to wish for some establishment of a more permanent kind. With this view, an offer was made to him of the mastership of the school of Appleby in Leicestershire, the salary of which was about sixty pounds, but the laws of the school required that the candidate should be a master of arts. The university of Oxford, when applied to, refused to grant this favour. Earl Gower was then solicited in behalf of Johnson, who knew him only as the author of *London*. His lordship accordingly wrote to Swift, soliciting a diploma from the university of Dublin, but, for what reason we are not told, this application too was unsuccessful. Mr. Murphy says, "There is reason to think that Swift declined to meddle in the business: and to that circumstance Johnson's known dislike of Swift has often been imputed." That Swift declined to meddle in the business is not improbable, for it appears by his letters of this date (August, 1738,) that he was incapable of attending to any business: but John-

son's *Life of Swift* proves that his dislike had a more honourable foundation.

About this time Johnson formed a design of studying the civil law, in order to practise in the commons, yet this also was rendered impossible for want of a degree, and he was obliged to resume his labours in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The various articles which came from his pen are enumerated in chronological series by Mr. Boswell. It will be sufficient for the present sketch to notice only his more important productions, or such as were of sufficient consequence to be published separately.

In 1739, he wrote *A complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage*, from the malicious and scandalous aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of *Gustavus Vasa*: and a political tract entitled *Marmor Norfolciense, or an Essay on an ancient Prophetical Inscription*, in monkish rhyme, lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk, by Probus Britannicus. These pieces were ironical, a mode of writing in which our author was not eminently successful. The *Marmor Norfolciense* was a severe attack on the Walpole administration and on the reigning family: but whether it was not well understood, or, when understood, considered as feeble, it certainly was not much attended to by the friends of government, nor did it procure to the author the reputation of a dangerous opponent. Sir John Hawkins indeed says, that a prosecution was ordered, but of this no traces can be found in any of the public offices. One of his political enemies reprinted it in the year 1775, to show what a change had been effected in his principles by a pension. His next publication of any note, was his *Life of Savage*, which he afterwards prefixed to that poet's works. With Savage he had been for some time intimately acquainted, but how long is not known. They met at Cave's house. Johnson

admired his abilities, and while he sympathized with the very singular train of misfortunes which placed him among the indigent, was not less touched by his pride of spirit, and the lofty demeanour with which he treated those who neglected him. In all Savage's virtues there was much in common with Johnson's, but his narrative shows with what nicety he could separate his virtues from his vices, and blame even firmness and independence when they degenerated into obstinacy and misanthropy.

In 1745, he published *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakspeare, to which he affixed proposals for a new edition of that poet, and it is probable he devoted his whole time to this undertaking, as we find a suspension of his periodical contributions during the years 1745 and 1746. It is perhaps too rash to conclude that he declined writing in the Magazine, because he would not join in the support of government during the rebellion in Scotland; but there are abundant proofs in Mr. Boswell's Life, that his sentiments were favourable to that attempt. As to his plan of an edition of Shakspeare, he had many difficulties to encounter. Little notice was taken of his proposals, and Warburton was known to be engaged in a similar undertaking. Warburton, however, had the liberality to praise his observations on Macbeth, as the production of a man of parts and genius: and Johnson never forgot the favour. Warburton, he said, praised him when praise was of value. In 1747, he resumed his labours in the Gentleman's Magazine, and although many entire pieces cannot be ascertained to have come from his pen, he was frequently, if not constantly, employed to superintend the materials of the magazine, and several introductory passages may be pointed out which bear evident marks of his composition. In this year his old pupil and friend,

Garrick, became manager of Drury-lane theatre, and obtained from Johnson a prologue, which is generally esteemed one of the finest productions of that kind in our language. In this year also he issued his plan for a Dictionary of the English language.

The design of this great work was at first suggested by Dodsley; and Johnson, having consented to undertake it, entered into an agreement with the booksellers for the sum of fifteen hundred guineas, which he was to receive in small payments proportioned to the quantity of manuscript sent to press. The plan was addressed to the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, who had discovered an inclination to be the patron of the author, and Johnson, having made suitable preparations, hired a house in Gough Square, engaged amanuenses, and began a task which he carried on by fits, as inclination and health permitted, for nearly eight years. His amanuenses were six in number, and employed on what may be termed the mechanical part of the work, but their expenses and his own were so considerable, that before the work was concluded, he had received the whole of the money stipulated in his agreement with the proprietors. In what time it might have been completed, had he, to use his own phrase, 'set doggedly about it,' it is useless to conjecture, and it would perhaps have been hurtful to try. Whoever has been employed on any great literary work knows, not only the pleasure, but the necessity of occasional relaxation; and Johnson's mind, stored with various knowledge, and a rich fund of sentiment, afforded him many opportunities of this kind, in addition to the love of society, which was his predominant passion. We find, accordingly, that during the years in which his Dictionary was on hand, he accepted some inferior employments from the booksellers, and pro-

duced some of the most valuable of his original works.

In 1749, he published his second imitation of Juvenal, under the title of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, for which, with all the fame he had then acquired, he received only fifteen guineas. In his London, we have the manners of common life : in the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, he has given us more of his own mind, more of that temper, excited sometimes by poverty, and sometimes by disappointment, which always inclined him to view the gloomy side of human affairs. In the same year, Garrick offered to produce his *Irene* on the Drury-lane theatre, but presumed at the same time to suggest such alterations as his superior knowledge of stage-effect might be supposed to justify. Johnson did not much like that his labours should be revised and amended at the pleasure of an actor, and it was not without difficulty that he was persuaded to yield to Garrick's advice. The play, however, was at length performed, but without much success ; although the manager contrived to have it played long enough to entitle the author to the profits of his three nights ; and Dodsley bought the copyright for one hundred pounds.

In 1750, he commenced a work which raised his fame yet higher than it had ever yet reached, and will probably convey his name to the latest posterity. He appears to have entered on the *Rambler* without any communication with his friends, or desire of assistance. Whether he proposed the scheme himself, is uncertain, but he was fortunate enough in forming a connection with Mr. John Payne, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, and afterwards chief accountant in the Bank of England, a man with whom he lived many years in habits of friendship, and who on the present occasion treated him with great liberality. He engaged to pay him two guineas for each paper, or four guineas per

week, which at that time must have been to Johnson a very considerable sum; and he admitted him to a share of the future profits of the work, when it should be collected into volumes: this share Johnson afterwards sold. It began on Tuesday, March 20, 1749—50, and closed on Saturday, March, 14, 1752. So conscious was Johnson that his fame would in a great measure rest on this production, that he corrected the two first editions with the most scrupulous care. In 1751, he was carrying on his Dictionary and the Rambler, and besides some occasional contributions to the Magazine, assisted in the detection of Lauder, who had imposed on him and on the world, by advancing forged evidence that Milton was a gross plagiarist. Dr. Douglas, the late bishop of Salisbury, was the first who refuted this unprincipled impostor; and Johnson, whom Lauder's ingenuity had induced to write a preface and postscript to his work, now dictated a letter addressed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging the fraud in terms of contrition, which Lauder subscribed. The Rambler was concluded on March 14, 1752, and three days after the author's wife died, a loss which he long deplored, and never recollected without emotion. Many instances of his affection for her occur in the collection of Prayers and Meditations published after his death, which, however they may expose him to ridicule, combine to prove that his attachment to her was uniformly sincere. She was buried at Bromley, and Johnson placed a Latin inscription on her tomb. She left a daughter by her former husband, and by her means our author became acquainted with Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of Zachary Williams, a physician. Mrs. Williams was a woman of considerable talents, and her conversation was interesting. She was left in poverty by her father, and had the additional affliction of being totally blind. To relieve his melancholy re-

flections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough-square, procured her a benefit play from Garrick, and assisted her in publishing a volume of poems, by which schemes she raised about three hundred pounds. With this fund she became an inmate of Johnson's house, where she passed the remainder of her days, protected and cheered by every act of kindness and tenderness which he could have shown to the nearest relation.

When he had in some measure recovered from the shock of Mrs. Johnson's death, he contributed several papers to the *Adventurer*, which was carried on by Dr. Hawkesworth and Dr. Warton. The profit of these papers he is said to have given to Dr. Bathurst, a physician of little practice, but a very amiable man, whom he highly respected. Lord Chesterfield, to whom he once looked up as to a liberal patron, had treated him with neglect, of which, after Johnson declined to pay court to such a man, he became sensible, and as an effort at reconciliation, wrote two papers in the *World*, recommending the *Dictionary*, and soothing the author by some ingenious compliments. Had there been no previous offence, it is probable his end would have been answered, and Johnson would have dedicated the work to him. He loved praise, and from lord Chesterfield, the *Mæcenas* of the age, and the most elegant of noble writers, praise was at this time valuable. But Johnson never departed from exacting the just respect due to a man of letters, and was not to be appeased by the artifice of these protracted compliments. He could not even brook that his lordship should for a moment suppose him reconciled by his flattery, but immediately wrote that celebrated letter which has been so much admired as a model of dignified contempt. The allusion to the loss of his wife, and to his present situation, is exquisitely beautiful: "The notice you have been pleased to take of my labours,

had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it: till I am *solitary*, and cannot impart it: till I am known, and do not want it." Lord Chesterfield is said to have concealed his feelings on this occasion with his usual art, conscious perhaps that they were not to be envied.

In 1755, the degree of master of arts was conferred on him by the university of Oxford, after which (in May) his Dictionary was published in two large volumes folio. Of a work so well known, it is unnecessary to say more in this place, than that, after the lapse of half a century, neither envy has injured, nor industry rivalled its usefulness or popularity. In the following year he abridged his Dictionary into an octavo size, and engaged to superintend a monthly publication, entitled the Literary Magazine, or Universal Register. To this he contributed a great many articles enumerated by Mr. Boswell, and several reviews of new books. The most celebrated of his reviews, and one of his most finished compositions, both in point of style, argument, and wit, was that of Soame Jenyns's Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. This attracted so much notice that the bookseller was encouraged to publish it separately, and two editions were rapidly sold. The Magazine continued about two years, when it was dropped for want of encouragement. He wrote also, in 1756, some essays in the Universal Visitor, another magazine which lasted only a year. His friend Cave died in 1754, and, for whatever reason, Johnson's regular contributions appear no more in the Gentleman's Magazine. But he wrote a very elegant life of Cave, and was afterwards an occasional contributor. This, it would appear, was one of his worst years as to pecuniary matters. We find him, in the month of March, arrested for the sum of five pounds eighteen shillings, and relieved by Mr. Richardson.

His proposal for an edition of Shakspeare was again revived, and subscription tickets issued, but it did not go to press for many years after.

In 1758, the worthy John Newbery, bookseller, who frequently employed Johnson in his literary progress, began a newspaper called the *Universal Chronicle*, or *Weekly Gazette*, in conjunction with Mr. John Payne. To give it an air of novelty, Johnson was engaged to write a short periodical paper, which he entitled *The Idler*. Most of these papers were written in haste, in various places where he happened to be, on the eve of publication, and with very little preparation. A few of them express the train of thought which prevails in the *Rambler*; but in general they have more vivacity, and exhibit a species of grave humour in which Johnson excelled. When the *Universal Chronicle* was discontinued, these papers were collected into two small volumes, which he corrected for the press, making a few alterations, and omitting one whole paper, which has since been restored.

No. 41 of the *Idler* alludes to the death of his mother, which took place in 1759: he had ever loved her with anxious affection, and had contributed to her support, often when he knew not where to recruit his finances. On this event, he wrote his *Rasselas*, with a view to raise a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of her funeral, and pay some little debts she had left. His mind appears to have been powerfully excited and enriched both with the subject and the motive; for he wrote the whole of this elegant and philosophical fiction during the evenings of one week, and sent it to press in portions as it was written. He received one hundred pounds from Messrs. Strahan, Johnson, and Dodsley, for the copy, and twenty-five more when it came, as it soon did, to a second edition. Few works of the kind have been more ex-

tensively diffused by means of translation. Yet the author, perhaps from the pain he felt in recollecting the melancholy occasion which called forth his pen, appears to have dismissed it with some degree of indifference, as soon as published; for, from that time to the year 1781, when he found it accidentally in a chaise, while travelling with Mr Boswell, he declared he had never looked into it. Among his occasional productions about this time, were his translation of a dissertation on the Greek Comedy, for Mrs. Lennox's English version of Brumoy, the general conclusion of the book; and an Introduction to the World Displayed, a collection of voyages and travels, projected by his friend Newbery. When a new bridge was about to be built over the Thames at Blackfriars, he wrote some papers against the plan of the architect, Mr. Mylne. His principal motive appears to have been his friendship for Mr. Gwyn, who had given in a plan, and probably he only clothed Gwyn's arguments in his own stately language: such a contest was certainly not within his province, and he would derive little other advantage than the pleasure of serving his friend. He appeared more in character when he assisted his contemporaries with prefaces and dedications, which were very frequently solicited from him. Poor as he was at this time, he taught how dedications might be written without servile submission or flattery, and yet with all the courtesy, compliment, and elegance, which a liberal mind could expect.

But an end was approaching to his pecuniary embarrassments. In 1762, while he was proceeding with his edition of Shakspeare, he was surprised by the information that the king had been pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. He then took a house in Johnson's court, Fleet-street, and allotted an apartment to Mrs. Williams. In 1765, he was introduced to the

late Mr. Thrale and family, a circumstance which contributed much to alleviate the solitudes of life, and furnished him with the enjoyments of an elegant table and elegant society. By them an apartment was fitted up for him, which he occupied when he pleased, and he accompanied the family in their various summer excursions, which tended to exhilarate his mind, and render the return of his constitutional melancholy less frequent. In the same year, he received a diploma from Trinity College, Dublin, complimenting him with the title of Doctor of Laws, and, after many delays, his edition of Shakspeare was published in eight volumes octavo. The preface is universally acknowledged to be one of the most elegant and acute of all his compositions.

The success of the Shakspeare was not great, although, upon the whole, it increased the respect with which the literary world viewed his talents.

In 1766, he furnished the preface, and some of the pieces which compose a volume of poetical miscellanies, by Mrs. Anne Williams. This lady was still an inmate of his house, and was, indeed, absolute mistress. Although her temper was far from pleasant, and she had now gained an ascendancy over him, which she often maintained in a fretful and peevish manner, he forgot every thing in her distresses. His house was filled by dependants, whose perverse tempers frequently drove him out of it, yet nothing of this kind could induce him to relieve himself at their expense. His noble expression was, "If I dismiss them, who will receive them?" Abroad, his society was now very extensive, and included almost every man of the age distinguished for learning, and many persons of high rank, who delighted in his company and conversation.

In 1767, he was admitted to a personal interview with the king, in the library of the queen's palace.

Of the conversation which passed, Mr. Boswell has given a very interesting and authentic account. In 1767, on the institution of the Royal Academy of Arts, Johnson was appointed professor of Ancient Literature, and there probably was, at that time, some design of giving a course of lectures. But this, and the professorship of ancient history, are as yet mere sinecures.

In 1770, his first political pamphlet made its appearance, in order to justify the conduct of the ministry and the house of commons in expelling Mr. Wilkes, and afterwards declaring Col. Luttrell to be duly elected representative for the county of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had the majority of votes. The vivacity and pointed sarcasm of this pamphlet formed its chief recommendation, and it continues to be read as an elegant political declamation; but it failed in its main object. It made no converts to the right of incapacitating Mr. Wilkes by the act of expulsion, and the ministry had not the courage to try the question of absolute incapacitation. Wilkes lived to see the offensive resolutions expunged from the journals of the House of Commons, and what seemed yet more improbable, to be reconciled to Johnson, who, with unabated dislike of his moral character, could not help admiring his classical learning and social talents. His pamphlet, which was entitled the False Alarm, was answered by two or three anonymous writers of no great note. In 1771, he appeared to more advantage as the author of Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland Islands, from materials partly furnished by the ministry, but highly enriched by his vigorous style, and peculiar train of thought. The object of this pamphlet was to represent the dispute respecting a barren island as an insufficient cause of war; and, in the course of his reasoning, he has

taken an opportunity to depict the miseries as well as the absurdities of unnecessary war, in a strain which will probably never be exceeded in animation and force. His character of Junius, in this pamphlet, is scarcely inferior. The sale of the first edition was arrested for a while by Lord North, and a few alterations made before it appeared in a second. Johnson's opinion of these two pamphlets was, that "there is a subtlety of disquisition in the False Alarm, which is worth all the fire of the other."

About this time, an ineffectual attempt was made by his steady friend Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, to procure him a seat in parliament. His biographers have amused their readers by conjectures on the figure he would have made in that assembly, and he owned frequently that he should not have been sorry to try. Why the interference of his friends was ineffectual, the minister only could tell, but he was certainly not ill advised. It is not improbable that Johnson would have proved an able assistant on some occasions, where a nervous and manly speech was wanted to silence inferiors in opposition, but it may be doubted whether he would have given that uniform and open consent which is expected from a party man. Whatever aid he might be induced to give by his pen, on certain subjects which accorded with his own sentiments, and of which he thought himself master, he by no means approved of many parts of the conduct of those ministers who carried on the American war; and he was ever decidedly against the principle (if it may be so called) that a man should go along with his party, right or wrong. "This," he once said, "is so remote from native virtue, from scholastic virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that

you may lie to the public, for you do lie when you call that right which you think wrong, or the reverse." In the year 1773, he carried into execution a design which he had long meditated of visiting the western isles of Scotland. He arrived at Edinburgh on the 18th of August, and finished his journey on the 22d of November. During this time he passed some days at Edinburgh, and then went by St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Port Augustus, to the Hebrides, visiting the Isles of Sky, Rasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He then travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and thence by Lochlomond and Dumbarton to Glasgow and Edinburgh. The popularity of his own account, which has perhaps been more generally read by the English public than any book of travels; and the Journal of his pleasant companion, Mr. Boswell, render any farther notice of this journey unnecessary. The censure he received is now remembered with indifference. His Tour continues to be read without any of the unpleasant emotions which it at first excited, in those who contended that he had not stated the truth, or who were unwilling that the truth should be stated. During his absence, his humble friend and admirer, Thomas Davies, bookseller, ventured to publish two volumes, entitled *Miscellanies and Fugitive Pieces*, which he advertised in the newspapers, as the production of the "Author of the Rambler." Johnson was inclined to resent this liberty, until he recollected Davies's narrow circumstances, when he cordially forgave him, and continued his kindness to him as usual. A third volume appears soon after; but all its contents are not from Dr. Johnson's pen. On the dissolution of parliament, in 1774, he published a short political pamphlet, entitled *The Patriot*, the principal object of which appears to have been to repress the spirit of faction which at that time was prevalent,

especially in the metropolis. It was a hasty composition, called for on one day, and written the next. During his tour in Scotland, he made frequent inquiries respecting the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, and received answers so unsatisfactory that, both in his book of travels and in conversation, he did not hesitate to treat the whole as an imposture. This excited the resentment of Maepherson, the editor, to such a degree, that he wrote a threatening letter to Johnson, who answered it in a composition which, in the expression of firm and unalterable contempt, is equal to that he wrote to Lord Chesterfield. In the latter he mixed somewhat of courtesy, but Maepherson he despised, both as a man and a writer, and treated him as a ruffian.

The rupture between Great Britain and America once more roused Johnson's political energies, and produced his *Taxation no Tyranny*. In this he endeavoured to prove that distant colonies, which had in their assemblies a legislature of their own, were still liable to be taxed in a British parliament, where they had no representatives, and he thought that Britain was strong enough to enforce obedience. This pamphlet appeared in 1775, and produced a controversy, which was carried on for some time with considerable spirit, although Johnson took no share in it. It is not improbable, however, that he felt the force of some of the replies made to his pamphlet, seconded as they were by the popular voice, and by the discomfiture of the measures of administration. It is reported that he complained, and perhaps about this time, of being called upon to write political pamphlets, and threatened to give up his pension. Whether this complaint was carried to the proper quarter, Mr. Boswell has not informed us; but it is certain he wrote no more in defence of the ministry, and he received no kind of reward for what he had done.

His pension, neither he nor his friends ever considered in that light, although it might make him acquiesce more readily in what the minister required. He was willing to do something for gratitude, but nothing for hire. A few months after the publication of his last pamphlet, he received his diploma as Doctor of Laws, from the University of Oxford, in consequence of a recommendation from the Chancellor, Lord North. It is remarkable, however, that he never assumed this title in writing notes or cards.

In the autumn of this year, he went on a tour to France, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. Of this tour Mr. Boswell has printed a few memorandums, which were probably intended as the foundation of a more regular narrative, but this he does not appear to have ever begun. As the tour lasted only about two months, it would probably have produced more sentiment than description.

In 1777, a meeting was called of about forty of the most respectable booksellers of London, the proprietors, or the successors and descendants of the proprietors of copyrights in the works of the poets; and it was agreed that an elegant and uniform edition of the English Poets should be printed, with a concise account of the life of each author by Dr. Samuel Johnson; and that Messrs. Strahan, Cadell, and T. Davies, should wait upon him with their proposals. Johnson was delighted with the task, the utility of which had probably occurred to his mind long before, and he had certainly more acquaintance than any man then living, with the poetical biography of his country, and appeared to be best qualified to illustrate it by judicious criticism. Whether we consider what he undertook, or what he performed, the sum of two hundred guineas, which he demanded, will appear a very trivial recompense. His original intention, and all indeed that was expected from him, was a very

concise biographical and critical account of each poet, but he had not proceeded far before he began to enlarge the lives to the present extent, and at last presented the world with such a body of criticism, as was scarcely to be expected from one man, and still less from one verging on his seventieth year. Of this edition it is yet necessary to say, that Dr. Johnson was not, in all respects, to be considered as the editor. He had not the choice of the poets to be admitted, although, in addition to the list prepared by his employers, he recommended Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden. The selection was made by the booksellers, who appear to have been guided, partly by the acknowledged merit of the poet, and partly by his popularity, a quality which is sometimes independent of the former. Johnson, however, felt himself under no restraint in accepting the list offered, nor did he, in any instance, consider himself bound to lean with partiality to any author, merely that the admission of his works might be justified. Every preliminary having been settled in the month of April, 1777, the new edition of the Poets was sent to press, and Johnson was informed that his Lives might be written in the mean time, so as to be ready to accompany the publication. Not long after he undertook this work, he was invited to contribute the aid of his eloquent pen in saving the forfeited life of Dr. William Dodd, a clergyman, who was convicted of forgery. This unhappy man had long been a popular preacher in the metropolis: and the public sentiment was almost universal in deprecating so shameful a sight as that of a clergyman of the church of England suffering by a public execution. Whether there was much in Dodd's character to justify this sentiment, or to demand the interference of the corporation of London, backed by the petition of thousands of the most distinguished and wealthy citizens, may per-

haps be doubted. Johnson, however, could not resist what put every other consideration out of the question, "a call for mercy," and, accordingly, contributed every thing that the friends of Dodd could suggest as useful. He wrote his Speech to the Recorder of London, delivered at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was about to be passed on him; the "Convict's Address" to his unhappy Brethren, a sermon delivered by Dodd in the chapel of Newgate: two letters, one to the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and one to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield: a petition from Dr. Dodd to the King: another from Mrs. Dodd to the Queen: "Observations," inserted in the newspapers, on the occasion of Earl Percy's having presented to his majesty a petition for mercy to Dodd, signed by twenty thousand persons: a petition from the city of London: and Dr. Dodd's last solemn declaration, which he left with the sheriff at the place of execution.

In 1779, the first four volumes of his *Lives of the Poets* were published, and the remainder in the year 1781, which he wrote, by his own confession, "dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste." He had, however, performed so much more than was expected, that the booksellers presented him with an hundred pounds in addition to the stipulated sum. As he never was insensible to the pleasure or value of fame, it is not improbable that he was yet more substantially gratified by the eagerness with which his *Lives of the Poets* were read and praised. He enjoyed, likewise, another satisfaction, which, it appears, he thought not unnecessary to the reputation of a great writer. He was attacked on all sides for his contempt of Milton's politics, and the sparing praise, or direct censure, he had bestowed on the poetry of Prior, Hammond, Collins, Gray, and a few others. The errors, indeed, which, on

any other subject, might have passed for errors of judgment, were, by the irascible tempers of his adversaries, magnified into high treason against the majesty of poetic genius. During his life, these attacks were not few, nor very respectful to a veteran whom common consent had placed at the head of the literature of his country; but the courage of his adversaries was observed to rise very considerably after his death, and the name which public opinion had consecrated, was reviled with the utmost malignity. Even some who, during his life, were glad to conceal their hostility, now took an opportunity to retract the admiration, in which they had joined with apparent cordiality, and to discover faults in a body of criticism which (all reasonable exceptions being admitted) was never equalled, and, perhaps, never will be equalled, for justice, acuteness, and elegance. Where can we hope to find discussions that can be compared with those introduced in the lives of Cowley, Milton, Dryden, and Pope? His abhorrence, indeed, of Milton's political conduct, led him to details and observations which can never be acceptable; but, when he comes to analyze his poetry, and to fix his reputation on its proper basis, it must surely be confessed that no man, since the first appearance of *Paradise Lost*, has ever bestowed praise with a more munificent hand. He appears to have collected his whole energy to improve the genius of Milton; nor has any advocate of that poet appeared who has not been glad to assume the guardianship of his poetical fame

public demand rendered it necessary to add a second edition of the *Lives* in four octavo volumes. In this second edition, another edition of the same work, enlarged, altered, and corrected, with this work the publisher has published a new edition, and when we con-

sider his advanced time of life, and the almost unabated vigour of his mind, it may be surely added, that his sun set with unrivalled splendour. But the infirmities of age were now undermining a constitution that had kept perpetual war with hereditary disease, and his most valued friends were dropping into the grave before him. He lost Mr. Thrale and Mrs. Williams: his home became cheerless, and much visiting was no longer convenient. His health began to decline more visibly from the month of June, 1783, when he had a paralytic stroke, and although he recovered so far as to be able to take another journey to Litchfield and Oxford, towards the close of the year, symptoms of a dropsy indicated the probability of his dissolution at no distant period. Some relief, however, having been administered, he rejoined the society of his friends, and with a mind itself curious, intelligent, and active, renewed his attention to the concerns of literature, dictating information wherever it was wanted, and trying his faculties by Latin translations from the Greek poets. Nothing was so much the subject of alarm with him, as the decay of memory and judgment, of which, however, to the last he never betrayed the least symptom.

In midsummer, 1784, he acquired sufficient strength to go for the last time into Derbyshire. During his absence, his friends, who were anxious for the preservation of so valuable a life, endeavoured to procure some addition to his pension, that he might be enabled to try the efficacy of a tour to the southern part of the continent. Application was accordingly made to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who seconded it in the proper quarter, but without success. He evinced, however, his high respect for Johnson, by offering to advance the sum of five hundred pounds, and Johnson, when the circumstance was communicated, thanked his lordship in a letter, elevated beyond

the common expressions of gratitude, by a dignity of sentiment congenial to the feelings of his liberal correspondent. Dr. Brocklesby also made a similar offer, although of a less sum: and such, indeed, was the estimation in which Johnson was held, that nothing would have been wanting which money or affection could procure, either to protract his days, or to make them comfortable. But these offers were not accepted. The scheme of a continental tour, which he once thought necessary, was never much encouraged by his physicians, and had it promised greater effects, was now beyond his strength. The dropsy and asthma were making rapid approaches, and although he longed for life, and was anxiously desirous that every means might be used to gain another day, he soon became convinced that no hopes remained. During this period, he was alternately resigned to die, and tenacious of life, tranquil in the views of eternity, and disturbed by gloomy apprehensions; but at last, his mind was soothed with the consolatory hopes of religion, and although the love of life occasionally recurred, he adjusted his worldly concerns with composure and exactness, as one who was conscious that he was soon to give an account.

On Monday, the 13th of December, he tried to obtain a temporary relief by puncturing his legs; but no discharge followed the operation, and about seven o'clock in the evening he breathed his last, so gently, that some time elapsed before his death was perceived.

On the 20th, his body was interred with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of his friend Garrick. Of the other honours paid to his memory, it may suffice to say, that they were more in number and quality than were ever paid to any worthy of literature.

It was his singular fate that the age which he had contributed to improve, repaid him by a vene-

ration of which we have no example in the annals of literature ; and that when his failings as well as his virtues were exhibited without disguise and without partiality, he continued to be revered by the majority of the English world, and is now, after scrutiny and censure have done their worst, enrolled among the greatest names in the history of English genius.

SELECT POEMS.

LONDON:

IN IMITATION OF
THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? JUV.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd Thales* bids the town farewell;
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to Saint David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

* By Thales some have understood Savage the poet, who took a journey into Wales after this poem was published.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town :
" Since worth," he cries, " in these degenerate days,
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay ;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes ;
Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give,
Let——live here, for——has learn'd to live.

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
 And plead for pirates in the face of day ;*
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
 Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,†
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. [hold ?

“Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall
 What cheek restrain your thirst of power and gold ?
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
 To such a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n :
 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?
 Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;‡
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

“Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,

* The encroachments of the Spaniards had been palliated in both houses of parliament.

† The licensing act had then lately passed.

‡ A paper which at that time contained apologies for the Court.

Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

“ For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

“ The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

“ Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

“ All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or curc-a-clap:

All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

“ Ah! what avails it, that from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

“ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth his lavish tongue bestows;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery. }

“ Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;

Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

“ For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

“ By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty :
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

“ Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?
No secret island in the boundless main ?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain ?*
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
An bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D :
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

* The Spaniards at that time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.

“But hark! the’affrighted crowd’s tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais’d from some pleasing dream of wealth and
pow’r,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow’r :
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the’ approaching fire’s tremendous light ;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey ;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home ?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

“Should Heaven’s just bolts Orgilio’s wealth con-
found,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o’er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies ;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;
With well-feign’d gratitude the pension’d band
Refund the plunder of the beggar’d land. .
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before :
Now bless’d with all the baubles of the great,
The polish’d marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.

“Could’st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;
There might’st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator’s deserted seat ;

And, stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

“Prepare for death, if here at night you roam;
And sign your will, before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

“Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

“In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

“Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means* support the sinking land;

* A technical term in parliament for raising money.

Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.*

“A single jail, in Alfred’s golden reign,
Could half the nation’s criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador’d,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath’d the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Bless’d age! but ah! how different from our own!

“Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land;
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune
spent,

Thou fliest for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir’d like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn’st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue’s cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.”

* The nation was then discontented at the repeated visits made by George the Second to Hanover.

THE
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE
 TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation with extensive view,
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide ;
 As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice,
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request,
 Fate wings with every wish the' afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the general massaere of gold ;
 Wide-wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;

Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys ;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee ? crush the' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy :
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade ;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one general cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
Few know the toiling statemen's fear or care,
The' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools the' eternal jest : [price,
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd ca-
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died ;
And scarce a sychophant was fed by pride !
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of favourites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe,
Attentive truth and nature to decry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult marks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sing her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
Degrading nobles and controlling kings; [rings,

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and Septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine ;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his Sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly ;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. [pine,

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace re-
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine ?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent ?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the' enormous weight ?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below ?

What gave great Villiers to the' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ?

What murder'd Wentworth,* and what exil'd Hyde,†
 By kings protected, and to kings allied ?
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
 And power too great to keep, or to resign ?

When first the college-rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown ;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's‡ mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views ? proceed, illustrious youth ;
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright ;
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee :
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;

* Earl of Strafford.

† Earl of Clarendon.

‡ There was a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge at Oxford, would fall, when a man greater than Bacon should pass under it : but the study was taken down some years since, and left the tradition harmless.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust,
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.*

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
 The glittering eminence exempt from woes;
 See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.†
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
 The plunder'd palacc or sequester'd rent;
 Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads! hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This power has praise that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgag'd states their grandsire's wreaths
 From age to age in everlasting debt; [regret,

* Lydiat passed part of his life in prison, and Galileo lost his sight from continual application to his telescope, added to the baneful effects of nocturnal air.

† Archbishop of Canterbury; beheaded on Tower-Hill, 1645.

Wreaths which at last the dear-bought fight convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain ;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign ; [vain ;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
"Think nothing gain'd, (he cries) till nought remain;
On Moseow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
'The march begins in military state,
And nations on his cye suspended wait ;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost :
He comes ; not want and cold his course delay ;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day :
'The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait ;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did not subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ;
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way ;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind ;
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still be-
stow'd,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god ;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe ;
The' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains ;
The' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarian pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway ;
Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful
charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage, crowd the war ;
The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

“ Enlarge my life with multitude of days !”—
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o’er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow’r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
Now pall the tastless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas ! would touch the’ impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness’d Orpheus near ;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still-returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper’d guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering
sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter’s petulance, the son’s expense ;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber’d maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish’d Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away ;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
The general favourite, as the general friend :
Such age there is, and who could wish its end !

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings ;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away ;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end ;
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise ?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
And Swift expires a driveller and a show. [flow,

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face :
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes !
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart, [save,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls ;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied ;
To Interest, Prudence ; and to Flattery, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest. [find ?

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercies of the skies ?
Inquirer, cease ! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r :
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods HE grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

ODES.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the bless'd,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly ;
The lambent glories only beam
Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend ;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way !
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
When souls to peaceful climes remove ;
What rais'd our virtue here below
Shall aid our happiness above.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep :
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O ! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys !
To purchase Heaven has gold the power ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
In life can love be bought with gold ?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With Science tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay ;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl ;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be by blessing beauty—bless'd.

Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled ;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content ;
And scorn (oh ! let that scorn be thine ;)
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

SPRING.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife ;
And Nature, on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure with her laughing train ;
Love warbles on the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic* tyranny consigns ;
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Though rapture sings and beauty shines.

Yet though my limbs disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me through the vales pursue,
A guide—a father—and a friend ;
Once more great Nature's works renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

* The author being ill of the gout.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

SUMMER.

O PHŒBUS ! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads ;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove ;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !
Come, born to fill its vast desires ;
Thy looks perpetual joy impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN.

ALAS ! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient Time rolls on the year ;
The Seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while through the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray ;
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O, would some god but wings supply !
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons' iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail ;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
The grape remains ! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat ;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.

No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day ;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-top'd cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars ;
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere ;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high ;
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy !
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
Nor music charm—though Stella sings ;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies :
Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r,
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !



THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise ;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies !

Nor only thought the wasted plain,
Stern Winter in thy force confess'd ;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening hope and fond desire
Resign the heart to spleen and care ;
Scaree frightened love maintains her fire,
And rapture saddens to despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear,
Unhappy man ! behold thy doom ;
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife ;
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of life.



EVENING ODE.

TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings :
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love !
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light :
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,

Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades;
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

*MESSIA.**

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ !
 Nil mortale loquor, cælum mihi carminis alta
 Materies ; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.
 Muscosi fontes, silvestria tecta, valetc,
 Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi.
 Tu mihi, qui flammâ movisti pectora sancti
 Sidereâ Isaia, dignos accende furores !

Immatura calens rapitur per sæcula vates,
 Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo !
 Virgo ! virgo parit ! felix radicibus arbor
 Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores
 Cœlestes lambunt animæ ; ramisque columba,
 Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.
 Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cælum
 Præbeat, et tacitè fœcundos irriget imbres !
 Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste !
 Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami.
 Hic requies fessis ; non sacrâ sævit in umbrâ
 Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.
 Irrita vanescent priscæ vestigia fraudis,
 Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem
 Attollet reducis ; bellis prætendet olivas
 Compositis Pax alma suas, terrasque revisens
 Sedatas nive. Virtus lucebit amictu.
 Volvantur celeres anni ! Lux purpuret ortum
 Expectata diu ! Naturæ claustra refringens

* Translated from Pope's *Messiah*, as a college-exercise.

Nascere, magne puer! Tibi primas, ecce! corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! summo exultant nutantes vertice silvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cælum.
Deserti lætâ mollescent aspera voce,
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum
Saxa sonant Deus; ecce Deus! deflectitur æther
Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria silvarum, dominum inclinata salutet!
Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!
Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus!
En! quem turba diu cecinerunt enthea, vates,
En! SALVATOR adest; vultus agnoscite cæci
Divinos, surdas sacra vox permulceat aures!
Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,
Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen,
Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet.
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis
Hârmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrescunt tremulis tactu nova robora nervis:
Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Jam saltu capreas, jam cursu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria, pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes terget ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,
Æternoque orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.
Ut quâ dulce strepent scatebræ, quâ læta virescunt
Pascua, quâ blandum spirat purissimus aer
Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos,
Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,

Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantas;
Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva:
Postera sic pastor divinus sæcla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.
Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,
Hostiles oculis flammæ jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triste coruscabit radiis; dabit hasta recusa
Vomcrem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.
Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cœpta parentis.
Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messem,
Et seræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere rosis, sitiensque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.
Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelæa draconis,
Canna virct, juncique tremit mutabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo quæ vallis sente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmisque rubeta
Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,
Cumque leonæ petet tutus præsepe juvençus.
Floreæ mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri
Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ;
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas

Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ !
En ! formosa tibi porrecta per atria proles
Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lentèque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce ! peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis ;
Barbarus, en ! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce ! cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ.
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii, tibi balsama sudat Idume.
Ætheris, en ! portas sacro fulgore micantes
Cælicolæ pandunt, torrentisque aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt ; non posthac sole rubescet
India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet ; radios pater ipse diei
Proferet archetypos ; cælestis gaudia lucis
Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deseret æquor,
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis :
Tu secure tamen confusa elementa videbis,
Lætæque Messia semper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, stabilita ruinis.

O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum cælique sator !———
Disjice terrenæ nubulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica ! Tunamque serenum,
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere finis,
Principium, rector, dux, semita, terminus, idens.

O Thou! whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest ;
From thee, great God! we spring; to thee we bend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

MISCELLANIES.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO DR. LAWRENCE; AND COMPOSED BY
DR. JOHNSON, AS HE LAY CONFINED WITH AN IN-
FLAMED EYE.

SANGUINE dum tumido suffusus flagrat ocellus,
Deliciasque fugit solitas solitosque labores;
Damnatus tenebris, lectoque affixus inertī,
Quid mecum peragam, quod tu doctissime posses
Laurenti saltem facili, dignarier aure?
Humanæ mentis, rerum se pascere formis,
Est proprium, et quavis captare indagine verum,
Omnibus unus amor, non est modus unus amoris.
Sunt, qui curriculo timidi versantur in arcto,
Quos soli ducunt sensus, solus docet usus;
Qui sibi sat sapiunt, contenti noscere quantum
Vel digiti tractant, oculus vel sentit et auris:
Tantundem est illis, repleat spatia ardua cœli
Materia, vastum an late pandatur inane.
Scire vices ponti facile est, nihil amplius optant
Nec quærunt quid luna tuo cum fluctibus orbi.
Sic sibi diffusi, lenta experientia cursum
Qua sulcat, reptant tuti per lubrica vitæ.

Altera pars hominum, sanctæ rationis alumni
Permissum credit, nudas sibi sistere causas;

Materiemque rudem, magnæque parentis adesse
 Conciliis, verique sacros recludere fontes.
 Gens illa, impatiens per singula quæque vagandi
 Tentat iter brevius, magno conamine summam
 Naturæ invadens, mundique elementa refingens
 Lævia serratis miscens, quadrata rotundis,
 Corpora cuncta suis gestit variare figuris.
 Particulasque locans certas certo ordine, pulchram
 Campagem edificat, cœlorum atque ætheris ignes.
 Accendit, rerumque modos ac fœdera ponit.
 Hi sunt, quos animi generosa insania magni
 In sublime rapit, queis terra et pontus et aer
 Sub pedibus subjecta jacent; queis ultima primis
 Nexa patent; hi sunt quos nil mirabile turbat
 Nil movet insolitum, sub legibus omnia fictis
 Dum statuunt, causisque audent prefigere metam.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

TO STELLA.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at other's woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.
 If on her we see display'd
 Pendent gems, and rich brocade,
 If her chintz with less expense
 Flows in easy negligence;

Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same ;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendent gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant Nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more or less.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.
"Fate ! snatch away the bright disguise,
And let the goddess trust her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful fair,
And fate malicious heard the pray'r ;
But brighten'd by the sable dress,
As virtue rises in distress,
Since Stella still extends her reign,
Ah ! how shall envy sooth her pain ?

The' adoring youth, and envious fair,
 Henceforth shall form one common pray'r;
 And love and hate alike implore
 The skies—"That Stella mourn no more."

*TO MISS HICKMAN,**

PLAYING ON THE SPINET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,
 Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain;
 When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,
 Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
 And yield reluctant to despotic sway :
 But when your music soothes the raging pain,
 We bid propitious heaven prolong your reign,
 We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
 Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king :
 Unbounded projects labouring in his mind,
 He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
 Thus wak'd to rage, by music's dreadful pow'r
 He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
 Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
 Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire :
 No more delighted with destructive war,
 Ambitious only now to please the fair ;
 Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
 And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

* Afterwards Mrs. Turton.

TO MISS ———,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICORD IN A ROOM
HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINT-
ING.

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound ;
Ah ! think not in the dangerous hour,
The nymph fictitious as the flower ;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love :

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence ?
Deceitful hope, and vain desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song ;
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark when from thousand mingled dyes
'Thou see'st one pleasing form arise,

How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid.
Mark when the different notes agree .
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life ;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same ;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

TO MISS ———,

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK
NET-WORK PURSE, OF HER OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine ;
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.*

THIS tributary verse receive, my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer.
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
All pains all cares, may favouring Heaven remove,
All but the sweet sollicitudes of love!
May powerful nature join with grateful art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
O then! when conquer'd crowds confess thy sway,
When ev'n proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy;
With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
Shown in the mimic glass of ridicule;
Teach mimic censure her own faults to find,
No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,
So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind. }

* This was made almost impromptu, in the presence of Mr. Hector.

SONG.

Not the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

ON SEEING

A BUST OF MRS. MONTAGUE.

HAD this fair figure, which this frame displays,
 Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,
 In every dome, in every sacred place,
 Her statue would have breath'd an added grace,
 And on its basis, would have been enroll'd,
 "This is Minerva, cast in Virtue's mould."

*TO LADY FIREBRACE,**

AT BURY ASSIZES.

At length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain?
 Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre;
 For such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and
Grace.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town; she became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000*l*.) July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1782.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

WHAT hopes—what terrors does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd to Venus by Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain:
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
The' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart:
Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR.

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,
Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields,
He scorns the verdant meads and flowery fields;
Then dances jocund o'er the watery way,
While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play!
Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
And future millions lift his rising soul;
In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
And raptur'd sees the new-found ruby shine.

Joys insincere ! thick clouds invade the skies,
Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise ;
Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore,
And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.
So the Young Author, panting after fame,
And the long honours of a lasting name,
Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.
"Toil on, dull crowd, (in ecstasies he cries)
For wealth or title, perishable prize ;
While I those transitory blessings scorn,
Secure of praise from ages yet unborn."—
This thought once form'd, all counsel comes too late,
He flies to press, and hurries on his fate ;
Swiftly he sees the' imagin'd laurels spread,
And feels the' unfading wreath surround his head.
Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth, be wise,
Those dreams were Settle's once and Ogilby's !*
The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise,
To some retreat the baffled writer flies ;
Where no sour critics snarl, no sneers molest,
Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging jest ;
There begs of Heaven a less distinguish'd lot,
Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.

* Settle was city-poet, and Ogilby a neglected translator of Homer and Virgil.

TRANSLATION

OF A SPEECH OF AQUILEIO, IN THE ADRIANO OF
METASTASIO,

Beginning "Tu che in Corte invecchiasti."

GROWN old in courts, thou art not surcly one
Who keeps the rigid rules of ancient honour;
Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,
To sink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with seeming friendship!
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious
praise,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,
And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne:
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his every gift usurp the merit;
That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,
And only build upon another's ruin.

PROLOGUES,

&c.

TO IRENE.

YE glittering train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress;
From grovelling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Votaries of Fame and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vigorous, though resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In power dependent, in success depress'd.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! though his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise; be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.

Shou'd partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd, though witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain :
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust :
Ye fops, be silent ! and ye wits, be just !

SPOKEN BY GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
 Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
 Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
 Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
 Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
 And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For years the power of Tragedy declin'd;
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
 Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept:
 Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
 But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
 Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
 And mark the future periods of the stage?
 Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
 New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;*
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
 Perhaps (for who can guess the' effects of chance?)
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;

* Mrs. Behn was a writer of loose plays and novels, &c. and Tom Durfey was a facetious low dramatist.

With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please—to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense ;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe ;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

SPOKEN BY GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS,

Acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flattering
rhymes,

Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times ;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise ;
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage ;
Let Study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.

This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel ;

The slightest arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise ;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come ;
With ardent haste, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his towering name ;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below ;
While clouds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his Offspring lay,
And Want hung threatening o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire !
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age ;
Her's the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms ;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave !
'Tis yours to crown desert beyond the grave.

TO GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY OF THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.
1769.

PRESS'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the labouring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain :
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care ;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great ;
Distress'd alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same ;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
The' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that bless'd year when all that vote may rail ;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
" This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,
(Says swelling Crispin) begg'd a cobbler's vote."
" This night our wit, (the pert apprentice cries)
Lies at my feet ; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the' electing tribe ;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe :
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold ;
But, confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

TO THE COMEDY OF A WORD TO THE WISE.*

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
 Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the stage.†
 From zeal, or malice, now no more we dread,
 For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
 A generous foe regards with pitying eye
 The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust,
 Be kind, ye judges; or at least be just.
 For no renew'd hostilities invade
 The' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
 Let one great payment every claim appease;
 And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
 Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
 Approve it only—'tis too late to praise!
 If want of skill, or want of care appear,
 Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear!
 By all like him must praise and blame be found,
 At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
 When liberal pity dignified delight;
 When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

* Performed at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children, 1777.

† Upon the first representation of this play in 1770, it suffered condemnation from the violence of party.

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY A LADY WHO
WAS TO PERSONATE THE GHOST OF HERMIONE.*

YE blooming train, who give despair or joy,
Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy;
In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,
And with unerring shafts distribute fate;
Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes,
Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
Whilst you deride their pangs in barbarous play,
Unpitying see them weep and hear them pray,
And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away;
For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains,
Where sable night in all her horror reigns;
No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades
Receive the' unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.
For kind, for tender nymphs, the myrtle blooms,
And weaves her bending boughs in pleasing glooms;
Perennial roses deck each purple vale,
And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale;
Far hence are banish'd vapours, spleen, and tears,
Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs;
No pug, nor favourite Cupid, there enjoys
The balmy kiss, for which poor 'Thyrsis dies;
Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,
Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame,
For those who feel no guilt can know no shame;

* Some young ladies at Litchfield having proposed to act "The Distressed Mother," Johnson wrote this, and gave it to Mr. Hector to convey privately to them.

Unfaded still their former charms they shew,
Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new.
But cruel virgins meet severer fates ;
Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,
To dismal realms, and regions void of peace,
Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss.
O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh ;
And poisonous vapours, blackening all the sky,
With livid hue the fairest face o'ercast,
And every beauty withers at the blast :
Where'er they fly their lovers' ghosts pursue,
Inflicting all those ills which once they knew ;
Vexation, fury, jealousy, despair,
Vex every eye, and every bosom tear ;
Their foul deformities by all descried,
No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
Then melt, ye fair, while crowds around you sigh,
Nor let disdain sit louring in your eye ;
With pity soften every awful grace,
And beauty smile auspicious in each face ;
To ease their pains exert your milder pow'r,
So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

BAGATELLES.

LINES

WRITTEN IN RIDICULE OF CERTAIN POEMS PUBLISHED
IN 1777.

WHERESOEVER I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new ;
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong ;
Phrase that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and, elegy, and sonnet.

PARODY

OF A TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes ;
And scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

•

They to the dome where smoke with curling play
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the singer blythe, and harper gay,
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,
By quivering string or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill,
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,
Her baleful eyes where sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-ennamour'd Mischief loves to dwell,
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
And purple nectar glads the festive hour;
The guest, without a want, without a wish,
Can yield no room to music's soothing pow'r.

BURLESQUE

OF THE MODERN VERSIFICATIONS OF ANCIENT LEGEN-
DARY TALES.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THE tender infant, meek and mild,
Fell down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squeal'd on.

TRANSLATION

OF TWO STANZAS OF THE SONG, "RIO VERDE, RIO VERDE," PRINTED IN PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glassy water,
Down whose current clear and strong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,
Moor and Christian roll'd along.

*IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF ****.*

"HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey ;
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way !"—

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear ;
When the hoary sage replied,—
"Come, my, lad, and drink some beer."

BURLESQUE

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa
O el de flaco averguence
O ella di ser mas furiosa.

If the man who turnips cries,
 Cry not when his father dies;
 'Tis a proof that he had rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES AT THE END OF BARETTI'S
 EASY PHRASEOLOGY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

VIVA! viva la padrona!
 Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
 La padrona è un angiolella
 Tutta buona, e tutta bella;
 Tutta bella, e tutta buona;
 Viva! viva la padrona!

Long may live my lovely Hetty!
 Always young, and always pretty,
 Always pretty, always young,
 Live my lovely Hetty long!
 Always young, and always pretty,
 Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING DISTICH ON THE DUKE OF MO-
 DENA'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE COMET, IN 1742
 OR 1748.

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno
 Deh venga ogni dì — durate un anno,

If at your coming princes disappear,
Comets ! come every day—and stay a year.



IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES OF MONS. BENSERADE A
SON LIT.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit ! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,
Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die ;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.



TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PRINT,
REPRESENTING PERSONS SKATING.

SUR en mince crystal l'hyver conduit leur pas,
Le précipice est sous la glace ;
Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface,
Glissez mortels ; n'appuyez pas.

O'er ice the rapid skater flies,
With sport above, and death below ;
Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,
Thus lightly touch, and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF THE SAME.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
 With nimble glide the skaters play ;
 O'er treacherous pleasure's flowery ground
 Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

*TO A LADY,**

WHO SPOKE IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY.

LINER ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria,
 Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

AD LAURAM PARITURAM EPIGRAMMA.†

ANGLIACUS inter pulcherrima Laura puellas,
 Mox uteri pondus depositura grave,
 Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
 Neve tibi noceat prænitusse Deæ.

* Mis Molly Aston.

† Mr. Hector was present when this epigram was made impromptu. The first line was proposed by Dr. James, and Johnson was called upon by the company to finish it, which he instantly did.

EPIGRAM

ON GEORGE II. AND COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ. POET
LAUREATE.

AUGUSTUS still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign,
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For nature form'd the Poet for the King.

TO MRS. THRALE,

ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFF in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five:
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive,
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU

ON HEARING MISS THRALE CONSULTING WITH A
FRIEND ABOUT A GOWN AND HAT SHE WAS IN-
CLINED TO WEAR.

WEAR the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last ;
Hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF AN AIR IN THE CLEMENZA DE TITO OF METASTASIO,
BEGINNING, "DEH SE PLACERMI VUOI."

Would you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teasing doubts depart ;
He who blindly trusts, will find
Faith from every generous mind :
He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine, by lavish lovers dress'd,
In all the pomp of heaven.

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays ;
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er, ;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some, Zelinda, while I sing,
Deny my Lyce shines ;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

TRANSLATIONS.

PART OF THE

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HECTOR AND ADROMACHE;

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

SHE ceas'd: then godlike Hector answer'd kind,—
(His various plumage sporting in the wind)
“That post and all the rest shall be my care;
But shall I then forsake the' unfinish'd war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name!
And one base action sully all my fame,
Acquir'd by wounds, and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my soul abhors so mean a thought.
Long have I learn'd to slight this feeble breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death,
The' inexorable sisters have decreed
That Priam's house and Priam's self shall bleed:
The day shall come, in which proud Troy shall yield,
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age, [rage,
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty
Nor my brave brothers that have bit the ground,
Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
Can in my bosom half that grief create,
As the sad thought of your impending fate:
When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,
Mimic your tears, and ridicule your woes:
Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:

'Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry,
'Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!' [eyes,
Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous
And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
Before that day, by some brave hero's hand,
May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand!''

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 22.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death the' envenom'd dart,
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows:

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Afric's faithless sands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspses spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine's woods I stray'd;
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A grisly wolf surpris'd, and fled.

No savage more portentous stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore,
None fiercer Juba's thirsty land,
Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies.

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime denied to human race ;
I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heavenly voice, and beauteous face.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 9.

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
Nor showers immerse the verdant plain ;
Nor do the billows always rise,
Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on the' Armenian shores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze ;
Not always furious Boreas roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Mystes dead you ever mourn ;
No setting Sol can ease your cares,
But find you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage
Mourn'd not Antilochus so long ;
Nor did king Priam's hoary age
So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these woman's sighs,
Augustus' number'd trophies sing :
Repeat that prince's victories,
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the' undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Roman's slave,
And scarce forsakes his native fields.

HORACE

BOOK IV. ODE 7.

THE snow dissolv'd, no more is seen ;
The fields and woods, behold ! are green ;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again,
The sprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace.
The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray ;
Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again :
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes and a shade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will toss us in a morning more ?
What with your friend you nobly share,
At least, you rescue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth.

Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain ;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of hell, that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

VIRGIL.—PASTORAL I.

MELIBŒUS.

Now, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,
Play on your pipe beneath this beechen shade ;
While wretched we about the world must roam,
And leave our pleasing fields and native home,
Here at your ease you sing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amaryllis' name.

TITYRUS.

Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,
For I shall never think him less than God ;
Oft on his altar shall my firstlings lie,
Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye :
He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
And me to tune at ease the' unequal reeds.

MELIBŒUS.

My admiration only I express'd,
(No spark of envy harbours in my breast)
'That when confusion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy state remains.
Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,
Far from their ancient fields and humble cots.
This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.

Had we not been perverse and careless grown,
This dire event by omens were foreshown ;
Our trees were blasted by the thunder-stroke,
And left-hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak. }

ANACREON.

ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly ?
Scattering, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way :
Is it business ? is it love ?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove ?
“Soft Anacreon’s vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair ;
Grac’d with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow’d :
Vested with a master’s right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight ;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign’d to me :
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward ;
Smiling at my master’s gates,
Freedom my return awaits ;
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.

Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine ?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home ;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed :
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast, and soft repose ;
Now the generous bowl I sip,
As it leaves Anacreon's lip :
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread ;
Then with luscious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play ;
Or, from wine as courage springs,
O'er his face extend my wings ;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canst not know ;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye,"

FROM BOETHIUS

DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ.

BOOK II. METRE 2.

THOUGH countless as the grains of sand
That roll at Eurys' loud command ;
Though countless as the lamps of night
That glad us with vicarious light ;
Fair Plenty, gracious queen, shou'd pour
The blessings of a golden show'r,
Not all the gifts of Fate combin'd
Would ease the hunger of the mind,
But swallowing all the mighty store,
Rapacity would call for more ;
For still where wishes most abound
Unquench'd the thirst of gain is found ;
In vain the shining gifts are sent,
For none are rich without content.

BOOK II. METRE 4.

WOULDST thou to some stedfast seat,
Out of Fortune's power retreat ?
Wouldst thou, when fierce Eurus blows,
Calmly rest in safe repose ?
Wouldst thou see the foaming main,
Tossing rave, but rave in vain ?
Shun the mountain's airy brow,
Shun the sea-sapp'd sand below ;
Soon the' aspiring fabric falls,
When loud Auster shakes her walls,
Soon the treacherous sands retreat,
From beneath the cumbrous weight.
Fix not where the tempting height
Mingles danger with delight ;
Safe upon the rocky ground,
Firm and low thy mansion found ;
There, mid tempests' loudest roars,
Dashing waves and shatter'd shores,
Thou shalt sit and smile to see
All the world afraid but thee,
Lead a long and peaceful age,
And deride their utmost rage.

BOOK III. METRE 5.

THE man who pants for ample sway,
 Must bid his passions all obey ;
 Must bid each wild desire be still,
 Nor yoke his reason with his will :
 For though beneath thy haughty brow
 Warm India's supple sons should bow,
 Though northern climes confess thy sway,
 Which erst in frost and freedom lay,
 If Sorrow pine, or Avarice crave,
 Bow down and own thyself a slave.

*PARAPHRASE OF PROVERBS.*

CHAP. VI. VERSES 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

“ Go to the Ant, thou sluggard !”

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
 Observe her labours, sluggard ! and be wise ;
 No stern command, no monitory voice
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice ;
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day ;
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall Sloth usurp thy useless hours,
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs ?
 While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
 And soft solicitation courts repose.

Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

ON THE
DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering Death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPHS.

ON

*SIR THOMAS HANMER, BART.**

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie ;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade ;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dextrous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state ;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd ;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age ! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair--and Anne the throne !

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,

* Paraphrased from a Latin inscription, attributed to Dr. Freind.

The Moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety ;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flowers of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honour sated, and with cares oppress'd ;
To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth :
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.



ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.*

PHILLIPS ! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power, and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and greatly celebrated for his performance.

FOR HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the' essential form of grace ;
Here clos'd in death the' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

TO MYRTILIS.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for ;
Out-standing debts beyond account,
And new—who knows to what amount ?
Though small my wealth, not small my soul :
Come, then, at once I'll pay the whole.

Ye powers ! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand ;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore :
Let yonder Negro pierce the main,
The choicest, largest pearl to gain :
Let all my slaves their art combine
To make the blushing ruby mine :
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.

Swift, Scythian, point the' unerring dart,
That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
And search for choicest furs the globe
To make my Myrtilis a robe.

Ab, no! yon Indian will not go,
No Scythian deigns to bend his bow,
No sullen Negro shoots the flood,
How, slaves!—Or am I understood?
All, all, my empty power disown,
I turn and find myself alone;
'Tis fancy's vain illusion all,
Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
Can I command, can I consign?
Alas! what earthly thing is mine?

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
Of poverty, and soul sincere;
Come, dictate to my grateful mind
A gift that may acceptance find;
Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
An offering worthy thee and her;
And though thy presents be but poor,
My Myrtilis will ask no more.
A heart that scorns a shameful thing,
With love and verse, is all I bring;
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold;
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul!
But more than these may Heaven impart;
Be thine the treasures of the heart;
Be calm and glad thy future days
With virtue's peace, and virtue's praise,

Let jealous pride, and sleepless care,
And wasting grief, and black despair,
And languor chill, and anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell;
There only may the happy train
Of love, and joy, and peace, remain:
May plenty, with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honour'd head
The prayer of gratitude be shed!

A happy mother, may'st thou see
Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,
Or wondrous tale, or joyful song,
May lure the lingering hours along;
Till death arive, unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.

ON THE

DEATH OF STEPHEN GREY, F. R. S.

THE ELECTRICIAN.*

LONG hast thou borne the burden of the day:
Thy task is ended, venerable Grey!
No more shall art thy dext'rous hand require,
To break the sleep of elemental fire:

* The sketch of this poem was written by Miss Williams, but Johnson wrote it all over again, except two lines.

To rouse the powers that actuate nature's frame,
The momentaneous shock, the' electric flame ;
The flame, which first, weak pupil of thy lore,
I saw, condemn'd alas ! to see no more.

Now, hoary sage, pursue thy happy flight
With swifter motion, haste to purer light,
Where Bacon waits, with Newton and with Boyle,
To hail thy genius and applaud thy toil,
Where intuition breathes through time and space,
And mocks experiment's successive race ;
Sees tardy science toil at nature's laws,
And wonders how the' effect obscures the cause.

Yet not to deep research or happy guess,
Is view'd the life of hope, the death of peace ;
Unbless'd the man, whom philosophic rage
Shall tempt to lose the Christian in the sage ;
Not art, but goodness pour'd the sacred ray
That cheer'd the parting hours of humble Grey.

SELECT POEMS

OF

DR. ARMSTRONG:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE
OF
DR. ARMSTRONG.

DR. ARMSTRONG was born in the parish of Castleton in Roxburghshire, where his father and brother were clergymen: and having completed his education at the university of Edinburgh, took his degree in physic, Feb. 4. 1732, with much reputation. His thesis *De Tabe Purulente* was published as usual.

He appears to have courted the Muses while a student: his descriptive sketch, in imitation of Shakspeare, was one of his first attempts, and received the cordial approbation of Thompson, Mallet, and Young. Mallet, he informs us, once intended to publish it, but altered his mind. His other imitation of Shakspeare was part of an unfinished tragedy, written at a very early age. Much of his time, if we may judge from his writings, was devoted to the study of polite literature, and although he cannot be said to have entered deeply into any particular branch, he was more than a superficial connoisseur in painting, statuary, and music. At what time he came to London is uncertain, but in 1735 he published an octavo pamphlet, without his name, entitled *An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic*; to which is added a dialogue between Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious society: as also an Epistle from Usbeck the

Persian, to Joshua Ward, Esq. It is dedicated to the "Antacademic Philosophers, to the generous despisers of the schools, to the deservedly celebrated Joshua Ward, John Moor, and the rest of the numerous sect of inspired physicians." The Essay, which has been lately reprinted in Dilly's Repository, is an humorous attack on quacks and quackery, with allusions to the neglect of medical education among the practising apothecaries: but the author had exhausted his wit in it, and the dialogue and Epistle are consequently flat and insipid. In 1737, he published a Synopsis of the History and Cure of the Venereal Disease, probably as an introduction to practice in that lucrative branch: but it was unfortunately followed by his poem, 'The Economy of Love, which, although it enjoyed a rapid sale, has been very properly excluded from every collection of poetry, and is supposed to have impeded his professional career.

In 1741, we find him soliciting Dr. Birch's recommendation to Dr. Mead, that he might be appointed physician to the forces then going to the West Indies. His celebrated poem, *The Art of Preserving Health*, appeared in 1744, and contributed highly to his fame as a poet. Dr. Warton, in his Reflections on Didactic Poetry, annexed to his edition of Virgil, observed that "To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed it at the end of the third book of his *Art of Preserving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the sweating sickness. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images." Dr. Mackenzie, in his *History of Health*, bestowed similar praises on this poem, which was indeed every where read and admired.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the physicians to the hospital for lame and sick soldiers. In 1751, he published his poem on Benevolence, in folio, a production which seems to come from the heart, and contains sentiments which could have been expressed with equal ardour only by one who felt them. His *Taste*, an Epistle to a Young Critic, 1753, is a lively and spirited imitation of Pope, and the first production in which our author began to view men and manners with a splenetic eye. In 1768, he published sketches, or essays on various subjects, under the fictitious name of Lancelot Temple, Esq. In some of these he is supposed to have been assisted by the celebrated John Wilkes, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy. What Mr. Wilkes contributed we are not told, but this gentleman, with all his moral feelings, had a more chaste classical taste and a purer vein of humour than we find in these sketches, which are deformed by a perpetual flow of affectation, a struggle to say smart things, and above all a most disgusting repetition of oaths and exclamations. This practice, so unworthy of a gentleman or a scholar, seems to have predominated in Dr. Armstrong's conversation, and is not unsparingly scattered through all his works, with the exception of his *Art of Preserving Health*. It incurred the just censure of the critics of his day, with whom, for this reason, he could never be reconciled.

After the peace, Dr. Armstrong resided some years in London, where his practice was confined to a small circle, but where he was respected as a man of general knowledge and taste, and an agreeable companion. In 1770, he published two volumes of *Miscellanies* containing the articles already mentioned, except the *Economy of Love* (an edition of which he corrected for a separate publication in 1768) and his epistle to Mr. Wilkes. The new articles were the imitations of Shakspeare and

Spenser, the Universal Almanac, and the Forced Marriage, a tragedy, which was offered to Garrick about the year 1754, and rejected. A second part of his Sketches was likewise added to these volumes, and appeared to every delicate and judicious mind as rambling and as improper as the first. "I know not," says Dr. Beattie to his friend Sir Wil-Forbes, "what was the matter with Armstrong, but he seems to have conceived a rooted aversion at the whole human race, except a few friends, who, it seems, are dead. He sets the public opinion at defiance, a piece of boldness, which neither Virgil nor Horace were ever so shameless as to acknowledge. I do not think that Dr. Armstrong has any cause to complain of the public: his Art of Health is not indeed a popular poem, but it is very much liked, and has been often printed. It will make him known and esteemed by posterity, and I presume he will be more esteemed if all his other works perish with him. In his Sketches, indeed, are many sensible, and some striking remarks: but they breathe such a rancorous and contemptuous spirit, and abound so much in odious vulgarisms and colloquial execrations, that in reading, we are as often disgusted as pleased. I know not what to say of his Universal Almanac: it seems to me an attempt at humour, but such humour is either too high or too low for my comprehension. The plan of his tragedy, called the Forced Marriage, is both obscure and improbable, yet there are good strokes in it, particularly in the last scene."

In 1771, he published another extraordinary effusion of spleen, under the title of A Short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy, and with his assumed name of Lancelot Temple. This ramble he took in company with Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter, who speaks highly in favour of the general benevolence of his character. In 1773,

under his own name, and unfortunately for his reputation, appeared a quarto pamphlet of *Medical Essays*, in which, while he condemns theory, he plunges into all the uncertainties of theoretical conjectures. He complains likewise, in a very coarse style, of the neglect he met with as a physician, and the severity with which he was treated as an author, and appears to have written with a temper soured by disappointment in all his pursuits. He died at his house in Russell-street, Covent Garden, in Sept. 7, 1779. His death was attributed to an accidental contusion on his thigh, while getting into the carriage which brought him to town from a visit in Lincolnshire.

To the surprise of his friends, who thought that poverty was the foundation of his frequent complaints, he left behind him more than three thousand pounds, saved out of a very moderate income, arising principally from his half-pay. His character is known to have been that of a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart, fond of associating with men of parts and genius, but indolent and inactive, and therefore totally unqualified to make his way through a crowd of competitors. An intimate friendship always subsisted between him and Thomson the poet, as well as with other distinguished scholars and authors: and he was intimate with, and respected by, Sir John Pringle, at the time of his death. In 1753, Dr. Theobald addressed two Latin odes, *Ad ingenuum virum, tum medicis, tum poeticis facultatibus prastantem, Johannem Armstrong, M. D.*

Dr Armstrong's fame as a poet must depend entirely on his *Art of Preserving Health*, which, although liable to some of the objections usually offered against didactic poetry, is yet free from the weightiest; and in this respect he may be deemed more fortunate than, as he certainly is superior to,

Phillips, Dyer, and Grainger. We shall proceed to quote the whole of the poet Campbell's opinion of Armstrong's principal performance.

His "Art of Preserving Health," says Campbell, is the most successful attempt, in our language, to incorporate material science with poetry. Its subject had the advantage of being generally interesting; for there are few things that we shall be more willing to learn, either in prose or verse, than the means of preserving the outward bulwark of all other blessings. At the same time, the difficulty of poetically treating a subject, which presented disease in all its associations, is one of the most just and ordinary topics of his praise. Of the triumphs of poetry over such difficulty, he had, no doubt, high precedents, to show that strong and true delineations of physical evil are not without an attraction of fearful interest and curiosity to the human mind: and that the enjoyment which the fancy derives from conceptions of the bloom and beauty of healthful nature, may be heightened, by contrasting them with the opposite pictures of her mortality and decay. Milton had turned disease itself into a subject of sublimity, in the vision of Adam, with that intensity of the fire of genius, which converts whatever materials it meets with into its aliment: and Armstrong, though his powers were not Miltonic, had the courage to attempt what would have repelled a more timid taste. His Muse might be said to show a professional intrepidity in choosing the subject: and, like the physician who braves contagion, (if allowed to prolong the simile,) we may add, that she escaped, on the whole, with little injury from the trial. By the title of the poem, the author judiciously gave his theme a moral, as well as a medical interest. He makes the influence of the passions an entire part of it. By professing to describe only how health is to be preserved, and not how it is to be restored,

he avoids the unmanageable horrors of clinical detail; and, though he paints the disease, wisely spares us its pharmaceutical treatment. His course through the poem is sustained with lucid management and propriety. What is explained of the animal economy is obscured by no pedantic jargon, but made distinct, and, to a certain degree, picturesque to the conception.

We need not, indeed, be reminded how small a portion of science can be communicated in poetry: but the practical maxims of science, which the Muse has stamped with imagery, and attuned to harmony, have so far an advantage over those which are delivered in prose, that they become more agreeable and permanent acquisitions of the memory. If the didactic path of his poetry is, from its nature, rather level, he rises above it, on several occasions, with a considerable strength of poetical feeling. Thus, in recommending the vicinity of woods around a dwelling, that may shelter us from the winds, whilst it enables us to hear their music, he introduces the following pleasing lines:

“ Oh ! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o’er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.”

In treating of diet, he seems to have felt the full difficulty of an humble subject, and to have sought to relieve his precepts and physiological description with all the wealth of allusion and imagery which his fancy could introduce. The appearance of a forced effort is not wholly avoided, even where he aims at superior strains, in order to garnish the meaner topics, as when he solemnly addresses the Naiads of all the rivers of the world, in rehearsing the praises of a cup of water. But he closes the book, in a strain of genuine dignity. After con-

templating the effects of time on the human body, his view of its influence dilates, with easy and majestic extension, to the universal structure of nature · and he rises from great to greater objects with a climax of sublimity.

“What does not fade? the tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o’er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires crush by their own weight—
This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun.
The sun himself shall die.”

He may, in some points, be compared, advantageously, with the best blank verse writers of the age ; and he will be found free from their most striking defects. He has not the ambition of Akenside, nor the verbosity of Thomson. On the other hand, shall we say that he is equal in genius to either of those poets ? Certainly his originality is nothing like Thomson’s ; and the rapture of his heroic sentiments is unequal to that of the author of the “Pleasures of Imagination.” For, in spite of the too frequently false pomp of Akenside, we still feel that he has a devoted moral impulse, not to be mistaken for the cant of morality, a zeal in the worship of virtue, which places her image in a high and hallowed light. Neither has his versification the nervous harmony of Akenside’s, for his habit of pausing almost uniformly at the close of the line, gives an air of formality to his numbers. His vein has less mixture than Thomson’s ; but its ore is not so fine. Sometimes we find him trying his strength with that author, in the same walk of description, where, though correct and concise, he

falls beneath the poet of the "Seasons," in rich and graphic observation. He also contributed to the "Castle of Indolence" some stanzas describing the diseases arising from sloth, which form rather an useful back-ground to the luxuriant picture of the Castle, than a prominent part of its enchantment.

On the whole, he is likely to be remembered as a poet of judicious thoughts and correct expression; and, as far as the rarely successful application of verse to subjects of science can be admired, an additional merit must be ascribed to the hand which has reared poetical flowers on the dry and difficult ground of philosophy.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia;* whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant Nature pours,
And on the' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deform'd,

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shuddering air ; whatever
 plagues

Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid watry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of the' inhuman field ;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south ;
Whatever ill the' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce ;
They fly thy pure effulgence : they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of Vice and heedless Pleasure : or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world ;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general baue : and but for thee
Nature would sicken, Nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly gay !
Begin the song ; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws :
“ How best the fickle fabric to support
Of mortal man ; in healthful body how
A healthful mind the longest to maintain.”

'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use ;
Harder, in clear and animated song,
Dry philosophic precepts to convcy.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the favourite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead ! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect : and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind ;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sickening, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of Nature ; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements :
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass

Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay,
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumbering deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid streams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulated sky:
A kindly sky! whose fostering power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where Nature
 smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us their wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardiy fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove

Fast by the slowly-winding Thames ; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O ! from the summer's rage
O ! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham !—But if the busy Town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind ;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood ;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With feverish blasts subdues the sickening land :
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb ;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow ; a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,

Resigns them to the furies of her train ;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow* fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
For from the humid soil and watry reign
Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
For ever weeps : or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes the' attenuated lymph
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations ; or, inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide

* Jaundice.

That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins ;
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worst despair
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone : and hence, in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is denied
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere : though custom moulds
To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;
And he who first the frogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of watry exhalation ; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog ;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray the' unwilling lake into the stream ;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air : and let your table smoke

With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
Generous your wine, the boast of ripening years :
But frugal be your cups : the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fattening clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid ; if indolence would wish to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood ;
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air ;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store,
Prevail in each repast. Your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave ;
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy, from its cool recess,
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the viscous blood the simple stream

Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
In feast more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
Labouring with storms in heapy mountains rise
The' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender Spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to sbun
Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champaign

Swells into cheerful hills ; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
And where the cynorrhodon* with the rose
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter-morn arise,
The summer-evening blushing in the west ;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blustering north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish East.
O ! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm ;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
'To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
The mind with ealm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
'The' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes :

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill ! And wheresoe'er you build ;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee ; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd ;
Dry be your house : but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains ;
Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your
voice,

Or moist Gravedo* load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms ;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south, commend ?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
More than the torrid noon ? How sickly grow,
How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

* Popularly called a *cold*.

And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fostering sun : whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose generous heat
Glow through the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the ponderous spheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of heaven, and only less than God !

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

VOL. XXXI.

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THE
ART
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PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK II.

DIET.

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the Muse's brow ; not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts
Of life ; the table and the homely gods
Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,

And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives ;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round ;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force those plastic particles
Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was given,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expense of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
The chyle to blood : the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue :
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but the' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;
By violent powers too easily subdued,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,

To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which *Cestria** sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast ; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys the' assimilating powers ;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die ;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd and scanty fare : for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy ; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholesome food, the' abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste
Rejects, like bane, such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure

* *Chester* ; used apparently for *Cheshire* by the poet.

Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. The' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
Choose sober meals ; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on the' enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast
Improve his habit if he can ; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands
Or that complexion ; what the various powers
Of various foods : but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing ; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen ;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temperature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supplied with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder sustenance, implore.

Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales; soft, delicious, and benign:
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
The fostering dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience, soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue;
Or much diminish or too much increase
The' expense, which Nature's wise economy,
Without or waste, or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
And bids the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts, on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds

The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish ; though fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds, with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
But man, the' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure ev'n in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim :
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates ;
Ev'n modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ;
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,

Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills the' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
Each other violate ; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
The' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day ;
So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, the expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.

The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
The' unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill
From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues : but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls obcy ; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily the' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to the' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main :

The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
Nor crown with festive rites the' auspicious day :
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch :
Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame,
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice : it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that : so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides a meagre day subdues
The cruder elods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers :
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable, starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed :
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup

From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, though round the
world

The dreaded Causos* roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
The empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen
Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter when the' invigorated year
Emerges ; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to the' indulgent sky :
Now bounteous Nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation : yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young :
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast.—Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
The' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste,
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants

* The burning fever.

Relentless Earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know ;
These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains :
Or thirsty Libya ; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
The' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no sweet repaſt affords :
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays ; where ſcarce the tubes ſus-
tain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe ;
Kind Nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape :
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Through the green ſhade the golden orange glows :
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp : the cocoa ſwells on high
With milky riches ; and in horrid mail
The criſp ananas* wraps its poignant ſweets.

* The pine-apple.

Earth's vaunted progeny : in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live ;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns : the autumnal sea
In boundless billow fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or aerid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze, eternal breathing round their limbs,
Supports in else intolerable air :
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view the' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East ;
And there, in gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods ! Through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;

And more gigantic still, the' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! with eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! their equal days
Felt not the' alternate fits of feverish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bless'd with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies, from the world of gods,
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,

With all our art and toil, improv'd to pain !
Too happy they ! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
disdain

The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage*
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school,
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: the lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid, the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome,
pure,

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream,
In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow :

* Hippocrates.

But where the stomach, indolent and cold,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
The' insipid stream : though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
the gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire ;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
The' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine : the vile excess we blame ;
More fruitful than the' accumulated board
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah ! sly deceiver ! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd ! exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows !—But the Parnassian maids
Another time, perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.*

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels

* See Book iv.

The loitering crudities that burden life ;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
The' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.
Ah ! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages ;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?
Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won ;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane : and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies ; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh ! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, ev'n sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :
And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dexterous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,

No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah ! what woes remain ! life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :
Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temple with untimely snow :
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
The growth advances : till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their elemental veins,*
Condens'd to solid chords†) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, the' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small :
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

† According to Dr. Darwin, the immediate cause of old age seems to reside in the inirritability of the finer vessels or parts of our system, hence, these cease to act, and collapse, or become horny or bony.

Life glows meantime, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery, and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of the' ill-supported heart.
This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
It loiters still : and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain ; the death
Of nature ; thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;
And Homer live immortal as his song.

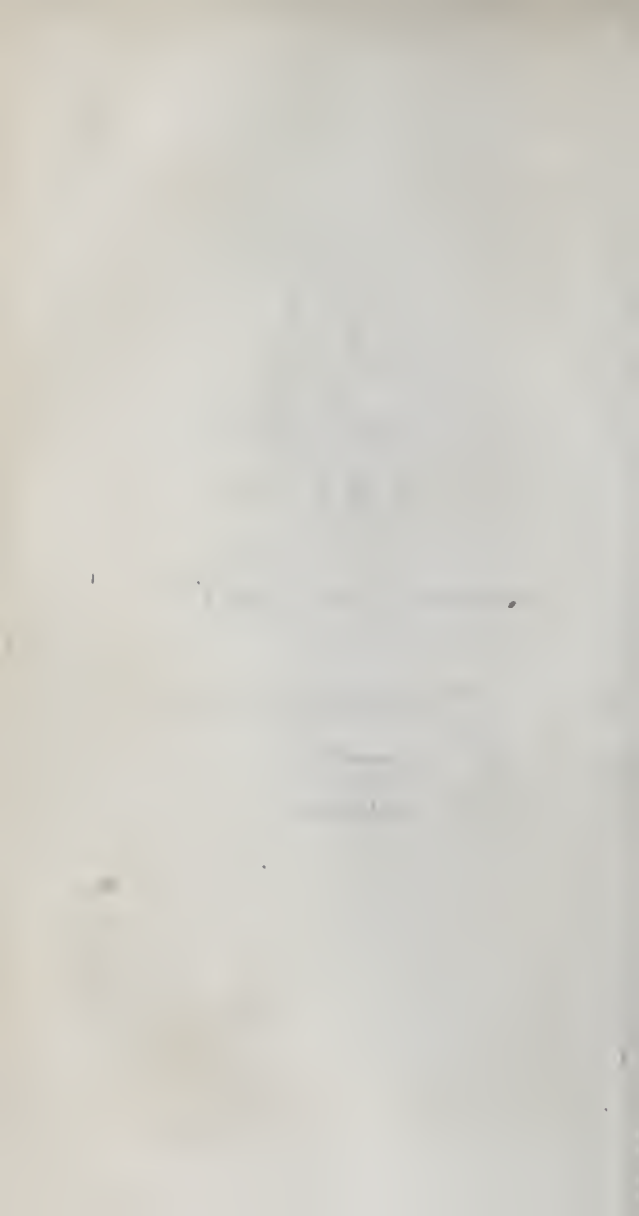
What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread, grows old ;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss :

Till the great FATHER through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.



THE
A R T
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

Through various toils the' adventurous Muse has
pass'd ;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;
Plain, and of little ornament ; and I
But little practis'd in the Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concern the strong. His care were ill bestow'd

Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies ;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Æsculapius given ;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires the' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life ;
Serene he bears the peevish Eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
Of labour such. By health the peasants' toil
Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain,
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :

Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor e'en when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the labouring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from the' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount the' exulting steed;
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And, through its deepest solitudes, awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air, [stream
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,

Through meads more flowery or more romantic
groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood !
May still thy hospitable swains be bless'd
In rural innocence ; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race ; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain !
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling, panting prey ; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane:
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream ; the Garden yields
A soft amusement, a humane delight.
To raise the' insipid nature of the ground ;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create ; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain

To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he ! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind ;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Ev'n envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest ; of all ungrateful care
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men ! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes, perhaps, now rural friends ;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :
A fair ambition ; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans the' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream ;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend ;
Whom first the welcome Spring salutes ; who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms
Of Flora : who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champagne.
Thrice happy days ! in rural business pass'd :
Bless'd winter nights ! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down :
Or through the fairy land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity :
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour

Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed* of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind,
The most accomplish'd, its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest;
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets,
and signifies reward or prize.

Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy' activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, ev'n in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter ; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins : as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride ; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation : oft the source
Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma and feller Peripneumony,*
Or, the slow minings of the hectic fire.

The' athletic fool, to whom what heaven denied
Of soul, is well compensated in limbs,

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity ;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursued proluxly, ev'n the gentlest toil
Is waste of health : repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn ; or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day :
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose ; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear ! no other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er the' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
Through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace ;
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of Science ; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain :
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools
 boil,
What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in the' Ionian wave ;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main

Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
All hot and reeking from the' Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
The' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft ; or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways.
For through the small arterial mouths that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious, waste
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour : from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air ;
Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expense, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
The genius of your clime : for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breathe through straiter and more callous
pores.

The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues the' inclement
heaven ;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
The' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost :
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming power.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance : study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart : a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds : and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix

With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar : for by frequent use
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And ev'n the surest poisons theirs, to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
The' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe ;
With this external virtue, age maintains
A decent grace ; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
So doubtless do your wives : for married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;

Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
And ye, whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event :
A work of time : and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands : the lean elastic, less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure : Oh ! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel !

But from the burning Lion when the Sun
Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or sauntering in the lofty grove,
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies ; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
While the soft evening saddens into night :
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of amorous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;
Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full :
But be the first concoction half-matur'd

Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury, struggling, under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought:
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul;
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity; though prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame;
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of the' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils

Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, the' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the sickening functions steal.
As, when the chilling East invades the spring,
The delicate Narcissus pines away
In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdued, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply ;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
Grow torpid ; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard matrass or elastic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down :
Nor envy, while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He, without riot in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.

But pliant Nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling Year. How unperceiv'd
Her Seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring ;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows ;
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks : the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of the' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :
Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade ;
And late resign them, though the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays,
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I, in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year : what seasons teem
With what diseases ; what the humid South

Prepares, and what the demon of the East :
But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you ; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality :
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs ;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
By Celsus call'd : the Fates come rushing on ;
The rapid Fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd with triumphant sway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy,
The hardest frame ! of indolence, of toil,
We die ; of want, of superfluity :
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid South
Be shut ; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
The' imprison'd plagues ; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !

How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Ev'n Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the' astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung:
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood

Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge labourings
heav'd.

At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pondrous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflowed; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid steams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the Fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
The infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:

Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
The' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal eommerce of mankind;
In vain : where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the rae of England, ail were safe
In foreign elimes; nor did this Fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The eircunambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their
 pray'rs;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigued with vain resourees; and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from faee to faee,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the siek, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead, contain'd.

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires

That lead through heaven the wandering year ! ye
powers

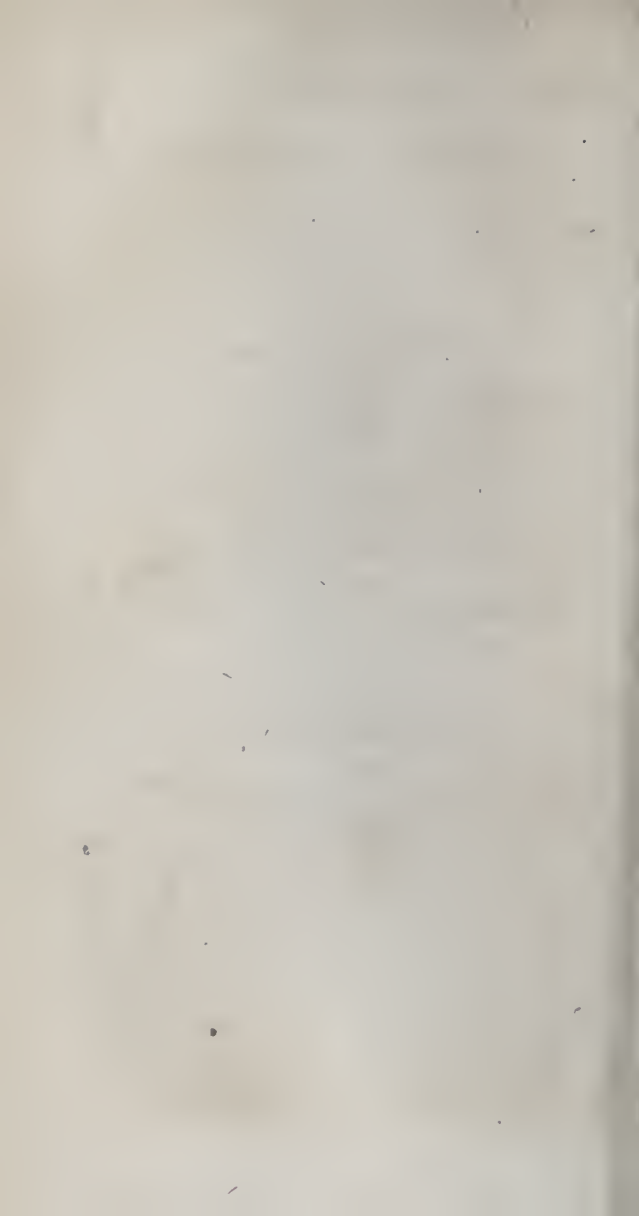
That o'er the' encircling elements preside !
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities ; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign ;
While in the West, beyond the' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men :
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.



THE
ART
OF
PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic Shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of the' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,

Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain :
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health, or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric : for by subtle parts
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes
The natural, vital functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd ;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength ;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild ; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought, (for still the soul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,
Strays o'er the heaven and earth ; but long intent
On microscopic arts its vigour fails :
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul ;
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the labouring functions of their share.

Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleness; and the sallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabclais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest, so exercis'd, improves its strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood; which, in unactive days,
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.

Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits ; to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers :
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows, embitter life ;
Chiefly where Solitude, sad Nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
There Madness enters ; and the dim-eyed fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of Nature : earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems,
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves ;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels,
With anxious flutterings, wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,

Timorous Self-love, with sickening Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some, for fear of want,
Want all their lives: and others, every day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests: and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events;
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor, with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows:
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy: and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic Passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise;

In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely fall'n !
Court not the luxury of tender thought ;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the eypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day :
Or join the caravan, in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot ; and, raging through the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul :
And, in the hardy camp and toilsome march,
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts ; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air ; Elysium opens round ;
A pleasing frenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars :
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.

But soon your heaven is gone ; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thundering stream,
Swol'n o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man ;
You sleep, and waking, find yourself undone.
For prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes : your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing head :
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish port ; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive champagne you pour
A thousand curses ; for to heaven it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy ;
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine :
And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps, that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or, in the rage of wine, your hasty hand

Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;
Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you : or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in Heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
He still remember'd that he once was young ;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd ; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And, laughing, could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
And in the' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man : and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
“ Our aim is happiness ; 'tis yours, 'tis mine.
(He said) 'tis the pursuit of all that live ;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.

But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flowery paths of sauntering Joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let Nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps..
Let Nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

“'Tis not for mortals always to be bless'd.
But him the least the dull or painful hour
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

To noblest uses this determines wealth ;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days ;
The peace and shelter of adversity :
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye : the suffrage of the wise.
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

“ Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven : a happiness,
That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth,
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool :
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.”

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athen's heard ;
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can control

The lawless powers. But other cares are mine :
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve :
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul :
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope : the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to Life : perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;
Or, while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love ; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or ev'n with anxious joy,

The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away; the' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heaven from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd:
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er every virtue sheds
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul:
And some have died for love; and some run mad;
And some with desperate hands themselves have
slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,

Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of Love amongst an hundred brides.
The' event is doubtful : for there are who find .
A cure in this ; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was Love before, is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still : when Nature bids, obey ;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb :
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah ! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task : nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan ;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,
Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fall'n ;
Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay :
Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age

Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure ! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
He chooses to be wretched, to be mad ;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend !
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades :
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body through unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels : or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boisterous fit
Is health, and only fills the sails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A generous sally spurns the' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the bowl:
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague,
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While Choler works, good friend, you may be
wrong;
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well; see, as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculations of your wiser hours.

Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow :
With all that urge or lure us on to fate :
What refuge shall we seek ? what arms prepare ?
Where Reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new Passions to your aid :
With Indignation would extinguish Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquish Rage,
And Love with Pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast ;
Bids every Passion revel or be still :
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That power is Music : far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but Contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !)
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;
Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest
 peals,
Applauded the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
And, with insipid show of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In Love dissolves you ; now, in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast ;

Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even the' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One power of Physic, Melody, and Song.

BENEVOLENCE :

AN

EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1751.

This little piece was addressed to a worthy Gentleman, as an expression of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the Author a great piece of service.

BENEVOLENCE:

AN

EPISTLE TO EUMENES.

KIND to my frailties still, Eumenes hear ;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.
Not oft I sing : the happier for the town,
So stun'd already, they're quite stupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own. }
Happy for them, I seldom court the Nine ;
Another art, a serious art is mine.
Of nauseous verses offer'd once a week,
“You cannot say I did it,” if you're sick,
’Twas ne’er my pride to shine, by flashy fits,
Amongst the daily, weekly, monthly wits.
Content, if some few friends indulge my name,
So slightly am I stung with love of fame,
I would not scrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praise of all the Magazines.

Yet once a moon, perhaps, I steal a night ;
And (if our sire Apollo pleases) write.
You smile ; but all the train the Muse that follow,
Christians and dunces, still we quote Apollo,

Unhappy still our poets will rehearse
To Goths, that stare astonish'd at their verse ;
To the rank tribes submit their virgin lays :
So gross, so bestial, is the lust of praise !

I to sound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to those who most my subject feel.
Eumenes, these dry moral lines I trust
With you, whom nought that's moral can disgust.
With you I venture, in plain homespun sense,
What I imagine of Benevolence.

Of all the monsters of the human kind,
What strikes you most, is the low selfish mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The steady miser can his years employ ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Despis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honest warmth of heart, with some degree
Of pity, that such wretched things should be,
You scorn the sordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himself the wiser of the two.—
'Tis all but taste, howe'er we sift the case ;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boast an angel's share,
Yet has what happiness his organs bear.
“Thou likewise mad'st the high seraphic soul,
“Maker Omnipotent!” and thou the owl.
Heav'd form'd *him* too, and doubtless for some use ;
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.

'Tis chiefly taste, or blunt, or gross, or fine,
Makes life insipid, bestial, or divine.
Better be born with taste to little rent,
Than the dull monarch of a continent.

Without this bounty which the gods bestow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might fortune, in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an oyster sovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and bosom justly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy, to be charm'd,
In vain majestic Wren expands the dome;
Blank, as pale stucco, Rubens lines the room;
Lost are the raptures of bold Handel's strain;
Great Tully storms, sweet Virgil sings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempe's soft charms, the raging watry waste,
Each greatly wild, each sweet romantic scene
Unheeded rises, and almost unseen.

Yet these are joys, with some of better clay,
To sooth the toils of life's embarrass'd way.
These the fine frame with charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all Taste the noblest and the best,
The first enjoyment of the generous breast,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious state
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate:
Fair views of nature, shining works of art,
Amuse the fancy; but *those* touch the heart.
Chiefly for this, proud epic song delights,
For this, some riot on the 'Arabian Nights.
Each case is ours: and for the human mind
'Tis monstrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taste
Elysium? or be solitarily bless'd?
Shock'd with surrounding shapes of human woe,
All that or sense or fancy could bestow,

You would reject with sick and coy disdain,
And pant to sec one cheerful face again.

But if life's better prospects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould ;
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleasing view !
This is a joy possess'd by few indeed !
Dame fortune has so many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her store,
To yield her smiles where Nature smil'd before.
To sinking worth a cordial hand to lend ;
With better fortune to surprise a friend ;
To checr the modest stranger's lonely state ;
Or snatch an orphan family from fate ;
To do, possess'd with virtue's noblest fire,
Such generous dceds as we with tears admire ;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a solid fame : [seize ;
These are such joys as Heaven's first favourites
These please you now, and will for ever please.

Too seldom we great moral deeds admire :
The will, the power, the' occasion must conspire.
Yet few there are so inpotent and low,
But can some small good offices bestow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add still something to the general sum :
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits ; and Heaven demands no more.

Unhappy he ! who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can bestow.

Unhappy too, who feels each kind essay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, scornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads ev'n to pour his gratitude of heart;
And, with a distant lover's silent pain,
Must the best movements of his soul restrain.
But men, sagacious to explore mankind,
Trace ev'n the coyest passions of the mind.

Not only to the good we owe good-will;
In good and bad, distress demands it still:
This, with the generous, lays distinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that resentment never ought to rise;
For ev'n excess of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That sport without the limits of the law.
No laws the' ungenerous crime would reprehend,
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blasts a helpless virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis not unjust nor mean
To seize the proper time for honest spleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor ev'n insult the base in humbled state;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis somewhat late to be so primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
No matter: could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay, like you,
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace—but curse me if I care.

Besides, I little court Parnassian fame ;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said,
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that, amongst the proud poetic train,
No modern boasted a more classic vein ;
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.

TASTE :

AN

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1753.

Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet ?—Malim, me-
hercule, solus insanire, quam sobrius aut plebis aut patrum
delirationibus ignaviter assentari.

Autor anonym. Fragm.

TASTE :

AN

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC.

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, to utmost Grosvenor-
street :

Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn ;
Miss not, be sure, my Lords and Gentlemen ;
You'll hardly raise, as I with Petty* guess,
Above twelve thousand men of taste : unless }
In desperate times a *Connoisseur* may pass.

“A Connoisseur ! What's that ?” 'Tis hard to say :
But you must oft, amidst the fair and gay,
Have seen a would-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alas, vain youth ! dost thou admire sweet Jones ?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones !
You'd split to hear the' insipid coxcomb cry,
“Ah, charming Nanny ! 'tis too much ! I die !”—
“Die and be d—n'd, (says one) but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye.”

* Sir William Petty, author of the “Political Arithmetic.”

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote :
 At Nando's* 'twill but cost you half a groat ;
 The Bedford school at three-pence is not dear, sir ;
 At White's—*the stars instruct you* for a tester.
 But he, whom Nature never meant to share
 One spark of taste, will never catch it there :—
 Nor no where else ; howe'er the booby beau
 Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

Good native Taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
 Be it in musie, painting, or in song.
 But this as well as other faculties,
 Improves with age and ripens by degrees.
 I know, my dear ; 'tis needless to deny't,
 You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright :
 But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd,
 What now delights will hardly be endur'd.
 The boy may live to taste Ræine's fine charms,
 Whom Lee's bald orb, or Rowe's dry rapture
 warms :
 But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
 Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair ;
 Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
 Brown of Squab-hall *of merry memory* ;
 Will die a Goth : and nod at Woden's† feast,
 The' eternal winter long, on Gregory's‡ breast.

* A coffee house of note in Fleet-street.

† Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall ; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

‡ Pope Gregory the VIth, distinguished by the name of St. Gregory ; whose pious zeal, in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

Long may he swill, this patriarch of the dull,
 The drowsy mum—But touch not Maro's skull!
 His holy barbarous dotage sought to doom,
 Good heaven! the' immortal classics to the tomb!—
 Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise,
 When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies.
 Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown
 You aim; each country's classics, and your own,
 But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime,
 And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.
 The man to genuine Burgundy bred up,
 Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.

Those sovereign masters of the Muses' skill
 Are the true patterns of good writing still.
 Their ore was rich and seven times purg'd of lead;
 Their art seem'd nature, 'twas so finely hid.
 Though born with all the powers of writing well,
 What pains it cost, they did not blush to tell.
 Their ease (my lords!) ne'er loung'd for want of
 fire,
 Nor did their rage through affectation tire.
 Free from all tawdry and imposing glare,
 They trusted to their native grace of air:
 Rapturous and wild, the trembling soul they seize,
 Or sly coy beauties steal it by degrees;
 The more you view them, still the more they
 please.

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit
 Who worm their sense out, but ne'er taste their
 spirit.

Witness each pedant under Bently bred :
 Each commentator that e'er commented.
 (You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,
 With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round.)
 Witness—but, sir, I hold a cautious pen,
 Lest I should *wrong* some *honourable men*.
 They grow enthusiasts too—" 'Tis true ! 'tis pity !"
 But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
 Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad,
 Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head :
 Hear all that's said or printed, if you can,
 Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one.

Let such admire each great or specious name ;
 For, right or wrong, the joy to them's the same.
 "Right !" Yes a thousand times.—Each fool has
 heard

That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
 Despise them civilly with all my heart—
 But to convince them is a desperate part.
 Why should you tease one for what secret cause
 One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras ?
 'Tis cruel, sir, 'tis needless, to endeavour
 To teach a sot of Taste he knows no flavour.
 To disunite, I neither wish nor hope,
 A stubborn blockhead from his favourite fop.
 Yes—fop I say, were Maro's self before them :
 For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him.

But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme
 Dub'd, by the musk'd and greasy mob, sublime.
 For spleen's dear sake hear how a coxcomb prates
 As clamorous o'er his joys as fifty cats ;

“ Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks and oaks,”—and all the rest:
“ I’ve heard”—Bless these long ears !—“ Heavens,
what a strain !

Good God ! what thunders burst in this *Campaign* !
Hark, Waller warbles ! Ah ! how sweetly killing !
Then that inimitable *Splendid Snilling* !
Rowe breathes all Shakspeare here !—That ode
of Prior

Is Spenser quite ! egad his very fire !—
As like”—Yes faith ! as gum-flowers to the rose,
Or as to claret flat Minorca’s dose ;
As like as (if I am not grossly wrong)
Erle Robert’s Mice* to aught e’er Chaucer sung.

Read boldly, and unprejudic’d peruse
Each favourite modern, ev’n each ancient muse.
With all the comic salt and tragic rage .
The great stupendous genius† of our stage,
Boast of our island, pride of human-kind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to every gossip known :
Yet Milton’s pedantries not shock the town.
Ne’er be the dupe of names, however high ;
For some outlive good parts, some misapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire ;
But must you therefore swear by Cato’s fire ?
Masquès for the court, and oft a clumsy jest,
Disgrac’d the muse that wrought the Alchymist‡.
“ But to the ancients.”—Faith ! I am not clear,
For all the smooth round type of Elzevir,

* See Prior’s Poems, vol. ii.

† Shakspeare.

‡ Ben Jonson’s.

That every work which lasts, in prose or song,
Two thousand years, deserves to last so long.
For not to mention some eternal blades
Known only now in the' academic shades,
(Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray,
And in word-hunting waste the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics scan,
Do, read Messala's* praises if you can.
Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart
While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears;
But not a word of some hexameters.
"You grow so squeamish and so devilish dry,
You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
But if he lags his subject is to blame.
Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
Yet still he marches with true Roman pride:
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He streams athwart the philosophic night.
Find you in Horace no insipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us, Homer sometimes nods:
And, but for such a critic's hardy skill,
Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

Tasteless, implicit, indolent and tame,
At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame.
Hence 'tis, for else one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flourish for a year or two:
For many some, more wondrous still to tell:
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.

* A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

Of solid merit others pine unknown :
 At first, though Carlos* swimmingly went down, }
 Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town. }
 Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay,
 Till Somers' hand† produc'd him in the day.
 But, thanks to heaven, and Addison's good grace,
 Now every fop is charm'd with Chevy-Chace.

Specious and sage, the sovereign of the flock
 Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock
 Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
 Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the main :
 As blindly we our solemn leaders follow,
 And good, and bad, and execrable, swallow.

Pray, on the first throng'd evening of a play
 That wears the *facies hippocratica*,‡
 Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobation ;
 Have you not seen the angel of salvation ?
 Appear sublime, with wise and solemn rap,
 To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap ?—
 The rabble knows not where our dramas shine ;
 But where the cane goes pat—"by G—, that's
 fine !"

* "Don Carlos," a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause ; while his "Orphan," a somewhat better performance, and, what is yet more strange, his "Venice Preserved," according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

† Fenton published the *Paradise Lost*, with a dedication to Lord Somers, in which he says—"It was your lordship's opinion and encouragement, that occasioned the first appearing of this poem in the folio edition."

‡ The appearance of a face in the last stage of a consumption, as it is described by Hippocrates.

For I would rather never judge than wrong
 That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
 But in the name of goodness, must I be
 The dupe of charms I never yet could see?
 And then to flatter where there's no reward—
 Better be any patron-hunting bard,
 Who half our lords with filthy praise besmears,
 And sing an anthem to All Ministers:
 Taste the' Attic salt in every peer's poor rebus,
 And crown each Gothic idle for a Phœbus.

Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,
 We dare not show the little Taste we have.
 With us you'll see ev'n vanity control
 The most refin'd sensations of the soul.
 Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakspeare's we defy:
 "Lard, madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry!—
 For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?
 I vow—well, this is innocent enough!"
 At Athens long ago, the ladies—(married)
 Dreamt not they misbehav'd, though they mis-
 carried,

lords the passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c. were graciously
 pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits: which he
 was generous enough to communicate to the public; to the
 great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he
 who they say poisoned Le Suer; who, without half his advanta-
 ges in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking,
 as to display a genius with which his own could stand no compari-
 son. It was he and his gothic disciples, who, with sly scratches,
 defaced the most masterly of this Le Seur's performances, as
 often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet,
 after all these achievements, he died in his bed! A catastrophe
 which could not have happened to him in a country like this;
 where the fine arts are as zealously and judiciously patronized
 as they are well understood.

When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so easy mov'd,
Heavens ! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd !
For all the fine sensations still have dwelt,
Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
Thus he, who heavenly Maro truly feels,
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell,
Are likely truest where the fine prevail :
Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well ?
Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess
What books you doat on from your favourite mess.
Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er
The frothy pertness strikes of weak small-beer :
Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce,
Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass :
Who riots on Scotch collops, scorns not any
Insidious, fulsome, trashy miscellany ;
And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up,
Will for a classic consecrate each bishop.*

But I am sick of pen and ink ; and you
Will find this letter long enough. Adieu !

* See Felton's Classics.

SELECT POEMS.

OF

CUTHBERT SHAW:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE

OF

CUTHBERT SHAW.

CUTHBERT SHAW was the son of a shoemaker, and was born at Ravensworth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was for some time usher to the grammar-school at Darlington, where he published his first poem, entitled "Liberty." He afterwards appeared in London and other places as a player; but having no recommendations for the stage, except a handsome figure, he betook himself to writing for subsistence. In 1762 he attacked Coleman, Churchill, Loyd, and Shirley, in a satire, called, the "Four Farthing Candles," and next selected the author of the *Rosciad* as the exclusive subject of a mock heroic poem, entitled "The Race, by Mercurius Spur, with notes by Faustinus Scriblerus." He had, for some time, the care of instructing an infant son of the Earl of Chesterfield in the first rudiments of learning. He married a woman of superior connexions, who, for his sake, forfeited the countenance of her family; but who did not live long to share his affections and misfortunes. Her death, and that of their infant, occasioned those well-known verses which give an interest to his memory. Lord Lyttelton, struck by their feel-

ing expression of grief similar to his own, solicited his acquaintance, and distinguished him by his praise ; but rendered him no substantial assistance. The short remainder of his days was spent in literary drudgery. He wrote a satire on political corruption, with many other articles, which appeared in the *Freeholder's Magazine*. Disease and dissipation carried him off in the prime of life ; after the former had left irretrievable marks of its ravages upon his countenance.

SELECT POEMS.

SONG.

TO EMMA.

WHENE’ER to gentle Emma’s praise
I tune my soft enamour’d lays,
When on the face so dear I prize,
I fondly gaze with love-sick eyes ;
“ Say, Damon,” cries the smiling fair,
With modest and ingenuous air,
“ Tell of this homely frame the part
To which I owe your vanquish’d heart.”

In vain, my Emma, would I tell
By what thy captive Damon fell ;
The swain who partial charms can see
May own—but never lov’d like me !
Won by thy form and fairer mind,
So much my wishes are confin’d,
With lover’s eyes so much I see,
Thy very faults are charms to me.

EMMA TO DAMON.

ON FINDING HIS ADDRESSES NOT FAVOURED BY HER
FRIENDS, ON ACCOUNT OF HIS WANT OF FORTUNE.

FORBEAR, in pity, ah ! forbear
To sooth my ravish'd ear ;
Nor longer thus a love declare,
'Tis death for me to hear.

Too much, alas ! my tender heart
Does to thy suit incline ;
Why then attempt to gain by art,
What is already thine ?

O ! let not, like the Grecian dame,*
My hapless fortune prove,
Who languish'd in too fierce a flame,
And died by too much love.

* Semele.

THE AUTHOR,

BEING IN COMPANY WITH EMMA, AND HAVING NO OPPORTUNITY OF EXPRESSING CERTAIN DOUBTS HE HAD CONCEIVED OF HER SINCERITY, CONVEYS TO HER THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A DEVICE TO KNOW THE SENTIMENTS OF HER HEART.

ARE all my flattering hopes at once betray'd,
 And cold and faithless grown my nut-brown maid?
 Have I so long indulg'd the pleasing smart,
 And worn thy grateful image next my heart?
 And must I thus at once all hopes resign,
 When, fix'd as fate, I fondly thought thee mine?
 Then go, irresolute,—and dare to prove,
 To please proud friends, a rebel to thy love.
 Perhaps, too long accustom'd to obtain,
 My flattering views were ever false and vain!
 Perhaps my Emma's lips, well skill'd in art,
 Late breath'd a language foreign to her heart;
 Perhaps the Muse profanely does thee wrong,
 Weak my suspicions and unjust my song!*
 Whichever is the cause, the truth proclaim,
 And to that sentence here affix thy name;
 So shall we both be rescued from the fear
 Which thou must have to tell, and I to hear;

* After perusing the paper. Emma (as the reader may conjecture from the sequel) returned it to the Author, after having written her name with a pencil at the close of the following line:
 "Weak my suspicions and unjust my song."

If thou art false the Muse shall vengeance take,
And blast the faithless sex-for Emma's sake :
If true—my wounds thy gentle voice shall heal,
And own me punish'd by the pangs I feel.
But O ! without disguise pronounce my fate,
Bless me with love, or curse me with thy hate !
Hearts soft as mine indifference cannot bear ;
Perfect my hopes, or plunge me in despair.

TO EMMA,

DOUBTING THE AUTHOR'S SINCERITY.

WHEN misers cease to doat on gold,
When justice is no longer sold,
When female tongues their clack shall hush,
When modesty shall cease to blush,
When parents shall no more control
The fond affections of the soul,
Nor force the sad reluctant fair
Her idol from her heart to tear ;
For sordid interest to engage,
And languish in the arms of age ;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
When friends severe as thine shall prove
Propitious to ingenuous love,
Bid thee in merit place affiance,
And think they're honour'd by the' alliance :
And oh ! when hearts as proud as mine
Shall basely kneel at Plutus' shrine,
Forego my modest plea to fame,
Or own dull power's superior claim ;

When the bright sun no more shall bring
The sweet return of annual spring ;
When Nature shall the change deplore,
And music fill the groves no more ;
Then in this heart shall falsehood reign,
And pay thy kindness with disdain.
But why from dearer objects rove,
Nor draw illusions whence I love ?
When my dear Emma's eyes shall be
As black as jet or ebony,
And every froward tooth shall stand
As rang'd by Hemet's* dextrous hand ;
When her sweet face, deform'd by rage,
No more shall every heart engage,
When her soft voice shall cease to charm,
Nor malice of its power disarm ;
When manners, gentle and refin'd,
No more speak forth her spotless mind ;
But the perfidious minx shall prove
A perjur'd traitress to her love :
Then—nor till then—shall Damon be
False to his vows, and false to thee !

AN

INVITATION TO EMMA,

AFTER MARRIAGE, TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY.

COME, my dear girl, let's seek the peaceful vale,
Where honour, truth, and innocence prevail.
Let's fly this cursed town—a nest of slaves—
Where fortune smiles not but on fools and knaves,

* A celebrated dentist.

Who merit claim proportion'd to their gold,
 And truth and innocence are bought and sold.
 An humble competence we have in store,
 Mere food and raiment—kings can have no more !
 A glorious patriarchal life we'll lead,
 See the fruits ripen, and the lambkins feed;
 Frequent observe the labours of the spade,
 And joy to see each yearly toil repaid;
 In some sequester'd spot a bower shall stand,
 The favourite task of thy lov'd Damon's hand,
 Where the sweet woodbine clasps the curling vine,
 Emblem of faithful love, like your's and mine !
 Here will we sit when evening shades prevail,
 And hear the night-bird tell its plaintive tale,
 Till nature's voice shall summon us away,
 To gather spirits for the' approaching day ;
 Then on thy breast I'll lay my weary head,
 A pillow softer than a monarch's bed !

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF EMMA.

YET do I live ! O how shall I sustain
 This vast unutterable weight of woe ?
 This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
 Or all the complicated ills below—
 She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
 Is gone—for ever fled—
 My dearest Emma's dead ;
 These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes, beheld her fall :
 Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore, [more.
 She lives—but (cruel thought !) she lives for me no

I, who the tedious absence of a day
 Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
 Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
 And loudly blame the slow return of night ;
 How, how shall I endure
 (O misery past a cure !)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
 Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?
 Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?
 Did ever mind so much of Heaven partake ?
 Did she not love me with the purest flame,
 And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?

 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast streaming eyes,
 Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
 Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
 Teach me each moving melancholy strain ;
 And, O ! discard the pageantry of phrase :
 Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !

 Thus, haply, as I paint
 The source of my complaint,
 My soul may own the' impassion'd line ;
 A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [grief.
 And from my swelling heart discharge this load of

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell—
 "How good she was, how gentie, and how fair !"

 In pity cease—alas ! I know too well
 How, in her sweet expressive face,
 Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
 Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
 Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow :
Whate'er the' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise :
And O—the boast how rare !
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there,
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !
Relentless death ! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?
Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :
In vain—Perverse, still on the' unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of Joy.
But, oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy pow'r ;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas ! the day—where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears ;

But ah ! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface

Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heaven,—oh where ?

Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !

Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,

She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep :

Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,

To see her force the' endearing smile,

My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;

Sure they had warded that untimely dart, [heart.

Which bro'ke her thread of life, and rent a husband's

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,

When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,

My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,

And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears :—

“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,

And we must part (alas !) to meet no more !

But, oh ! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,

If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear ;

If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain, [vain ;

Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in

If it has been my sole endeavour, still

To act in all obsequious to thy will ;

To watch thy very smiles, and wish to know,

Then only truly bless'd when thou wert so ;

If I have doated with that fond excess,

Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less ;

If this I've done, and more—oh ! then be kind

To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.

When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me :
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake ;
And, oh ! be tender for its mother's sake :
Wilt thou ?——

I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content !”

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ill impos'd by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight :
Just Heaven ! (I cried) from memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O !—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss ; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—the' irrevocable doom is pass'd,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath, [death
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her
When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes.
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow !
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe !

But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead ?

Fond man, forbear,

Thy fruitless sorrow spare,

Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed ;

In humble reverence kiss the' afflictive rod,

And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,

Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach ;

To wean thy heart from groveling views below,

And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach :

To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,

Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,

One fatal moment can destroy,

And plunge the' exulting maniac in despair.

Then O ! with pious fortitude sustain

Thy present loss—haply thy future gain ;

Nor let thy Emma die in vain ;

Time shall administer its wonted balm,

And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,

Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,

Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,

Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage :

But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,

No more it pants and rages for the plain ;

Moping awhile in sullen mood

Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,

Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,

And meditates the song :

Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,

And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven ! yet—yet the tears will flow,

To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !

No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?

Should ought my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?

Too faithful Memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprintcd on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause?

How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.

My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright ?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments bless'd,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas ! is gone——Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love ;
And, O sweet senseless smiler, (envied state !)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure ;
Wilt thou, a father's grief to' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply ?
And, oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

EVENING ADDRESS

TO

A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird ! that kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe ;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :——
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me the pangs of hapless love ;

Else why so feelingly complain, [grove ?
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung ?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young ?

Alas, for *both* I weep——

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms,
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years !

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By every art that Science could devise,
Alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,

And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.——

Then O! our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
 To thee—unconscious of my pain!
 Soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year:
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
 love.

But O! for *me* in vain may seasons roll,
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
 Deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,
 I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver, say,
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
 Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
 O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
 " That *Emma's* fatal pledge of love,
 Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
 The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
 Soften the horrors of despair,
 And cheer a heart long lost to joy?"
 How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
 Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O! what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd?
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
 utter more.—

“Just Heaven,” I cried—with recent hopes elate,
 “Yet I will live—will live, though *Emma's* dead!
 So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
 Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 My little *Emma*, now my *all*,
 Will want a father's care,
 Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
 And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear;
 And oft together we'll complain;
 Complaint the only bliss my soul can know;
 From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
 And prattle tales of woe.
 And O! in that auspicious hour,
 When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
 With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 When Death gives Misery repose,
 And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”

Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead—
 The flattering scene is o'er,—
 My hopes for ever—ever fled—
 And vengeance can no more—
 Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health or ease,
 Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With lenient hand, (O falsely deem'd severe)
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear!

Perhaps obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet——while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the' impassion'd
strain,

In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past;
For O! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!

Ev'n he,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear!

* Lord Lyttelton, who had highly applauded Shaw's Monody.

SELECT POEMS

OF

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. XXXI.

Y

THE LIFE
OF
GEORGE, LORD LYTTTELTON.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON, the son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows.

From Eton he went to Christ-church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on "Blenheim."

He was a very early writer, both in verse and prose. His "Progress of Love," and his "Persian Letters," were both written when he was very young; and indeed the character of a young man is very visible in both. The verses cant of shepherds and flocks, and crooks dressed with flowers; and the letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters into the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

He staid not long in Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of Sir Robert Walpole, though his father,

who was a Commissioner of the Admiralty, always voted with the Court.

For many years, the name of George Lyttelton was in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and, when Walpole was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the secret Committee.

The prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the ministry. Mr. Lyttelton became his secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. He persuaded his master, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Maillet was made under-secretary, with 200*l.*; and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* a year. For Thomson, Lyttelton always retained his kindness, and was able at last to place him at ease.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called "The Trial of Selim;" for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that were at last disappointed.

Lyttelton now stood in the first rank of opposition; and Pope, who was incited, it is not easy to say how, to increase the clamour against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the House, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton supported his friend; and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

While he was thus conspicuous, he married (1741)

Miss Lucy Fortescue of Devonshire, by whom he had a son, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with whom he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pleasures are short; she died in childbed about five years afterwards: and he solaced his grief by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, after a while, he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter of Sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were distributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the Lords of the Treasury; and from that time was engaged in supporting the schemes of the ministry.

Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from things of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of corrupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of Christianity; but he thought the time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied himself seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. He found that religion was true; and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach (1747) by "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul;" a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I HAVE read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of Kings, whose glorious cause

you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God, for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son.

“Your affectionate father,

“THOMAS LYTTTELTON.”

A few years afterwards, (1751) by the death of his father, he inherited a baronet's title with a large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful to adorn by a house of great elegance and expense, and by much attention to the decoration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer and privy counsellor: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the Exchequer: an office, however, that required some qualifications which he soon perceived himself to want.

The year after, his curiosity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account, perhaps rather with too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of whom he has conceived an opinion more favourable than he seems to have deserved, and whom, having once espoused his interest and fame, he was never persuaded to disown. Bower, whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by an universal outcry, and that outcry, as it seems, the echo of truth, he kept his ground; at last, when his defences began to fail him, he sallied out upon his adversaries, and his adversaries retreated.

About this time Lyttelton published his “Dia-

logues of the Dead," which were very eagerly read, though the production rather, as it seems, of leisure than of study: rather effusions than compositions. The names of his persons too often enable the reader to anticipate their conversation; and, when they have met, they too often part without any conclusion. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle.

When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the Critical Reviewers; and poor Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read, acknowledgments which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice.

When, in the latter part of the last reign, the inauspicious commencement of the war made the dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, Sir George Lyttelton, losing with the rest his employment, was recompensed with a peerage; and rested from political turbulence in the House of Lords.

His last literary production was his "History of Henry the Second," elaborated by the searches and deliberations of twenty years, and published with such anxiety as only vanity can dictate.

The story of this publication is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expense of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771.

Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the

secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of "Henry the Second." The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which, when he had paid the pointer, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent.

When time brought the History to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded; and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages.

But to politics and literature there must be an end. Lord Lyttelton had never the appearance of a strong or of a healthy man; he had a slender, uncompacted frame, and a meagre face; he lasted however sixty years, and was then seized with his last illness. Of his death a very affecting and instructive account has been given by his physician, which will spare me the task of his moral character.

"On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, ac-

counts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

“Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, ‘It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;’ yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

“On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. ‘Doctor,’ said he, ‘you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong; but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.’

“At another time he said, ‘I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.’

“On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, ‘I shall die; but it will not be your fault.’ When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, ‘Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.’ Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o’clock, he expired, almost without a groan.”

His lordship was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady’s monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express
directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LYTTTELTON,
who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.

Lord Lyttelton’s Poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his “Progress of Love,” it is sufficient blame to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in “Blenheim” has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether Songs or Epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his “Advice to Belinda,” which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

SELECT POEMS.

BLENHEIM.

WRITTEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion, architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, the means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove : there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the dryad-train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honour'd shades.

When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame :

A trophy of success ; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious ! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed !
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people ? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays the' uncancel'd debt
Of gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers ; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame ! Can'st thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day ? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Steel thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite ; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palæe roves
With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave : and there the Granic flood
With passing squadrons foams : here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain ; there to Greece

Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
 Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
 With glorious competition ; equal both
 In valour and in fortune : but their praise
 Be different, for with different views they fought ;
 This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempé fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love ; the crystal fount
 In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
 Of Spenser, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
 Besides its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.
 But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn ! Silent awhile and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disorder'd down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucant in the dancing ray.

In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome

Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds :
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement pass'd
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt : indulgent
Gave a companion to his softer hours, [Heaven
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd ;
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love ;
Where fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo ! where, towering in the height
Of yon ærial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian-god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet,

The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
 Grasps victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
 Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
 The theatre' of this glory, once was rais'd
 A meaner trophy, by the' Imperial hand;
 Extorted gratitude; which now the rage
 Of malice impotent, beseeching ill
 A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:
 Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
 Shall stand on British earth, to tell the world
 How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how re-
 His services. Nor shall the constant love [paid
 Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
 In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites!—But the noble pile
 (My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
 Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
 Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, enthron'd
 Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
 This thy abode, while present here below,
 And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
 With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
 From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke

Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
 Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
 When Honour calls them to the field of war,
 Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
 The proud reward of thy successful toils
 For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
 That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
 To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
 Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
 With martial virtue; and to high attempts
 Excite their arms, till other battles won,
 And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
 And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

SOLILOQUY

OF

A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

(WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.)

*TWAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
 With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town;
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
 To move with negligence, to dress with care?
 What worth have all the charms our pride can
 If all in envious solitude are lost? [boast,
 Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
With every grace of nature or of art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart :
The brutes, insensible, our power defy :
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
That is our heaven, and we are angels there :
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove ;
The court of Britain is the court of Love :
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball to see
The homage due to empire, paid to me !
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown ;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky ;
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent :
Unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
Sleep, wretched maid ! all night, and dream all day ;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
For dulness ever must be regular :
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
Now without scandal drink insipid tea,
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there ;
From books to work, from work to books I rove,
And am, alas ! at leisure to improve.—

Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
 Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
 These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
 Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
 Sure erring Nature never could design
 To form a housewife in a mould like mine?
 O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
 Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer;
 Let me revisit the dear town again,
 Let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain,
 All other wishes my own power would gain." }

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I.

UNCERTAINTY.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE! to whose reed, beneath the beechen shade,
 The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
 While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
 Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,
 Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
 Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing;
 Wilt thou with me revisit once again
 The crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
 Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
 The various changes of a lover's state;
 And while each turn of passion I pursue,
 Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid ;
His flock far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey ;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd, [plain'd ;
But, though his voice was mute, his looks com-
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

“ Ye nymphs ! (he cried) ye dryads ! who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song ;
For whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage ;
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades,
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest ;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

“ Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes !
Then in wild tumults all my soul was toss'd,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
And every wish, and thought, and care was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.

Then too she smil'd ; can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy ?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow ?
Unhappy boy ! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore thy peace ;
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory ! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain ;
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand ;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire ;
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound ;
The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
The world, alas ! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu !
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah ! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid !
To have my faithful service thus repaid ?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
But dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd ?
Or did you only nurse my growing love
That with more pain I might your hatred prove ?

Sure guilty treachery no place could find
 In such a gentle, such a generous mind :
 A maid, brought up the woods and wilds among,
 Could ne'er have learnt the arts of courts so young :
 No ; let me rather think her anger feign'd ;
 Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd.
 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
 And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."

Pleas'd with this flattering thought the love-sick
 Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy ; [boy
 Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
 When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
 Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

II.

HOPE.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE
 REGIS.

HEAR, Doddington ! the notes that shepherds sing,
 Like those that warbling hail the genial spring :
 Nor Pan nor Phœbus tunes our artless reeds,
 From Love alone their melody proceeds ;
 From Love, Theocritus on Enna's plains
 Learnt the wild sweetness of his doric strains ;
 Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
 Could charm each ear, and soften every heart ;
 Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
 My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.*

* Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love-verses
 which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd :
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

“ Bless'd be the hour, (he said) that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power !
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast and left soft wishes there ;
Soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
Delightful languors and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid ;
There she appear'd on that auspicious day
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay :
She led the dance—Heavens ! with what grace she
mov'd !

Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd ?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name ;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

“ And art thou then, fond youth ! secure of joy ?
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy ?
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store ?
Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power ? [cheek ?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break ?
Why were the desert rocks invoc'd to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair ?—
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia ! who now compassionates my woes ;
Who bids me hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

“Begin, my pipe ! begin the gladsome lay,
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay :
A kiss obtain’d ’twixt struggling and consent,
Giv’n with forc’d anger and disguis’d content,
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows ;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire.
I from her lips my recompense require.

“Why stays my Delia in her secret bower ?
Light gales have chas’d the late impending shower ;
The’ emerging sun more bright his beams extends ;
Oppos’d, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends !
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay ;
The birds renew their songs on every spray !
Come forth, my love ! thy shepherd’s joys to crown :
All nature smiles—will only Delia frown ?

“Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain :
See how beneath yon hillock’s shady steep
The shelter’d herds on flowery couches sleep :
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so bless’d as I,
If with my fond desires my Love comply ;
From Delia’s lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

“Ah how, my dear ! shall I deserve thy charms ?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms ?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish’d gold ;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries’ name ;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev’n the nightingales melodious throat :

Accept of this ; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide ;
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave the Aœnian grove ;
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain, [swain.
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite
For him each blue-ey'd naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name :
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light ;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.

“But see ! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah ! thither let me fly with eager feet :
Adieu, my pipe ! I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last !
And may each future hour be like the past !
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
Propitious Venus ! on thy altars bleed.”

III.

JEALOUSY.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere ;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear :
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find ;
Yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart !
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my muse ! and Damon's woes rehearse
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browsing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress'd,
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields ;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood ;
Here, half-conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands ;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound :
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain ;

But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart;
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid !
Like these neglected roses droop and fade !
May angry Heaven deform each guilty grace
That triumphs now in that deluding face !
Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !

" Say, thou inconstant ! what has Damon done,
To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
Against whose power no ties have strength to bind ?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
And died with grief at each ungentle word ?
Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;
He pleas'd you by not studying to please ;
His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;
And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

" O pain to think ! another shall possess
Those balmy lips which I was wont to press !
Another on her panting breast shall lie,
And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead ;
Would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night,
Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
Where'er they pass'd be blasted every flower,
And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !

Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas* died,
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
All I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast,
Wearied at length I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans, hear,
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the Traitress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!"

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go ; [below
At once transported he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow !)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew ;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

IV.

POSSESSION.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM ! to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing ;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear, [plains ;
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once
were dear ;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night :
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er ;
And while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood ;
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
In friendly league to favour human kind.

With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd ;
Nor there, in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame ;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid :
" Hail, bounteous God ! before whose hallow'd
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine, [shrine
While glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove.
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires !
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

" O the dear gloom of last propitious night !
O shade more charming than the fairest light !
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid ;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess ! once in Ida's grove
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love :
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd, you sported in the secret shade :
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

" What are you now, my once most valued joys ?
Insidious trifles all, and childish toys—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

“Ye Muses ! skill’d in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart ;
Ye nymphs ! to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring ;
On all her days let health and peace attend !
May she ne’er want, nor ever lose, a friend !
May some new pleasure every hour employ,
But let her Damon be her highest joy !

“With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day ;
In the same field our mingled flocks we’ll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead ;
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine’s autumnal spoils.
Delightful state ! where peace and love combine
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine !
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.

“When late old age our heads shall silver o’er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more ;
When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon’s eye shall think thee fair ;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
At one soft stroke deprive us both of breath !
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade !
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse ;
And future ages, with just envy mov’d,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov’d.”

ELEGY.

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove ;
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face ?
Canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place some meaner idol in her shrine ?
O task, for feeble reason too severe !
O lesson, nought could teach me but despair !
Must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight
They've view'd so oft with languishing delight ?
Must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound ?

O Waller ! Petrarch ! you who tun'd the lyre
To the soft notes of elegant desire ;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains less exquisite than mine :
'Tis easier far to lose, than to resign !

ADVICE TO A LADY.

1731.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know :
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere ;
But greater your's sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends ;
Women, like princes, find few real friends :
All who approach them their own ends pursue ;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays :
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition ?—To be fair !
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys :
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule :
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven !
How few with all their pride of form can move !
How few are lovely, that are made for love !
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress ;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense ;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain :
Of those who claim it more than half have none ;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place :
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene ;
Without, all beauty ; and all peace within.
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form :
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :
A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The' important business of your life is love ;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven ;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame ;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power :
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power, but that of pleasing most :
Her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied ;
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd Imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief ;
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain ;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.

The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey :
Nor aught avails the specious name of wife ;
A maid so wedded is—a whore for life.

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring
Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;
The prize of happiness must still be won :
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost ;
The Graces might alone his heart allure ;
They and the Virtues meeting must secure.

Let e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for Him, and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his servant to appear :
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife ;
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone ;
E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,

Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy ;
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give,

EPISTLES.

TO

*THE REV. DR. AYS COUGH,**

AT OXFORD.

FROM PARIS—1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty;
How the same hands, that tyrants durst control,
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inspire;

* Dr. A. was his lordship's tutor at Oxford, and afterwards his brother-in-law, by marrying his sister; and died Dean of Bristol, 1763.

Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows ;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutress of protecting Rome ?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart ?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend ;
For which alone by nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind ?
Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze
In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose ;
But Reason's influence to diffuse ; to clear
The' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear ;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ ?
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy ;
Nor vex'd with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care ;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent ;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content ;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster* thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage ;

* Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester.

He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
 Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
 Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
 guide. }

O generous warmth ! O sanctity divine !
 To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine :
 Learn from his life the duties of the gown ;
 Learn, not to flatter nor insult the crown ;
 Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
 Nor raise the church a rival to the state :
 To error mild, to vice alone severe,
 Seek not to spread the law of love—by fear.
 The priest who plagues the world can never mend :
 No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
 Let reason and let virtue faith maintain ;
 All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age ;
 In various knowledge to improve my youth,
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth ;
 By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend ;
 The useful science of the world to know,
 Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
 Yet taught, by custom's force, and bigot fear,
 To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear :
 Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
 In courts a mean, in camps a generous band ;
 From each low tool of power, content receive
 Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.

Whose people (vain in want, in bondage bless'd ;
 Though plunder'd, gay ; industrious, though op-
 With happy follies rise above their fate, [press'd)
 The jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
 In the short sunshine of a favouring court :
 Here, Boileau, strong in sense, and sharp in wit,
 Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ :
 Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
 By flattering incense to his master's fame.
 Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excell'd
 Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld ;
 By keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
 With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
 Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
 Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire !
 Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
 The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
 The pompous works of arbitrary sway ;
 Prond palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
 Rais'd on the ruins of the' oppress'd and poor ;
 Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
 And painted triumphs style ambition great.*
 With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
 Where Condé from an envious court withdrew ; †
 Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
 (Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried !)
 Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
 And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

† Chantilly.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury :*
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power ;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.

With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land ;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind !
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat !
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat ;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from the' industrious swain ?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth ?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood
Prop'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain ?

Yet, oh ! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice ;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound ;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glories, see ;
And tells me, these, like England, once were free !

* St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

FROM PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou, to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay:
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But bless'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;

In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing!
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclog'd with sorrow roll,
Though Wisdom calm, and Science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possess'd,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—

Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smoothes the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.

Dull is the privilege of living free ;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty :
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care ;
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire,
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm ;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire ;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known !
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what the' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For heaven shall ratify what they reveal :

“ A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all the' attractive charms of beauty grac'd ;
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress :
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share ;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care ;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise ;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would
 prove,
That happiness is near allied to love.”

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER
A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind ?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere ;
Wise without art ; without ambition great ;
Though firm, yet pliant ; active, though sedate ;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught ;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause ;
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the' Aönian grove ;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light !
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit ;

For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty !
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove ;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire.
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer-rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's un auspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate :
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled ;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command mankind ;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd ;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;

Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise :

"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this mesasge from his master bear :

"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

"Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise ;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beside the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd ;

Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

“ If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise.”

TO LORD HERVEY.

FROM WORCESTERSHIRE, 1730.

Strenua nos exerceet inertia : navibus atque
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere : quod petis, hic est ;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore ;
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of 'Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
'The charms of 'Titian's and of Raphael's style ;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly bless'd.

In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair,
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their
search is vain. }

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds ;
Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears ;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how should ills, which from our passions
flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow ;
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure ?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
In generous love of other's good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;
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To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught, [fear:—
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled, every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind:
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER,

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS. 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;

Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples, drawn from better days :
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire ;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end :
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides ;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs, and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame !
Say, what is now the' ambition of the great ?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state ;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare ?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire ?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain ?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil ?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour
With partial wantonness, the golden shower ;

And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand:
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO MR. WEST AT WICKHAM.

1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
 With elegance refin'd
 Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
 But better in thy mind :
 To both, from courts and all their state,
 Eager I fly, to prove
 Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
 Tranquillity and love.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conquering standards to Hibernia bore,
 Though now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
 From British sires deriv'd thy genius came :
 Its force, its energy, to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
 The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of the' Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To clothe the spirit of the British lays.

Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A noble and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

POEMS UPON HIS LADY.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Musé alone inspir'd,
I sung my amorous strains :
No serious love my bosom fir'd ;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aönian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME ;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be express'd
In these soft numbers see ;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live ;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh ! come to my impatient arms,
Oh ! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
(His richest treasure) careful Love had stor'd :

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest ;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight ;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:
Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

FAIR Venus, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reflected in the silver lake,
These humble offerings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh flowers, and myrtle-wreaths, propitious
take.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel;
Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
And there let sad Despair for ever dwell.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wish, nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, goddess, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart secure repose!

No watchful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
No walls of brass, no steel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME;

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy sigh'd, with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet,
 Beneath the' accustom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
 But that she had not time.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once," the shepherd said,
 " When love was in its prime :"—
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to ease his pain,
 But that she had not time.

"How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
 If love be not a crime :—
We soon must part for months, for years"—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
 But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame ;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole
With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul ?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inspires?
These, these are lost ; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doting to excess,
I ought, but dare not, try to love you less ;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain ;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain ;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bless'd, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before :
I say to my heart, " Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen, she never will,
leave."

But, ah ! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face ;
My heart beats again ; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove, [love ;
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame ;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy :
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies ;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy !
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow ;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM. 1746.

TO THE SAME.

YE sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before impart ?

Is it glad summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose ?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss was here before :

Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.

No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint the enamell'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?

Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run ;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms ;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, the' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy ?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY LYTTTELTON.

1747.

*Ipse cavà solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore s cum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this enbowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
Can on the' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen;

But never shall you now behold her more !
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring :
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more ;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song :
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell ;
For Death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry !
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer-sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found :
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound.
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley ! where is now your boast ?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly :
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?
O loss beyond repair !
O wretched father ! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe !
Now she, alas ! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save ?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove,
 With hapless ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store,
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought, [glow?
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep Anio‡ pours his floods;
 Nor yet where Meles§ or Ilissus|| stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft, [left.
 To dire disease and death your darling should be

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.

|| The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
Rome ;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce ;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd ;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise ?
Ah ! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd ?

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come, [tomb :
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace

How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!

Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:

How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,

Her kindly-melting heart,

To every want and every woe,

To Guilt itself when in distress,

The balm of pity would impart,

And all relief that bounty could bestow!

E'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life

Beneath the bloody knife,

Her gentle tears would fall,

Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,

But strong and elevated was her mind;

A spirit that with noble pride

Could look superior down

On Fortune's smile or frown;

That could, without regret or pain,

To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice

Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;

That, injur'd or offended, never tried

Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous disdain:

A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward-fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows: [dies.
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and

Arise, O Petrarch, from the' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love ;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
move.

What were, alas ! thy woes compar'd to mine
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain ;
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,

Without my sweet companion can I live?

Without thy lovely smile,

The dear reward of every virtuous toil,

What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?

E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind

What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?

Support me every friend;

Your kind assistance lend,

To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.

Alas! each friend of mine,

My dear departed love, so much was thine,

That none has any comfort to bestow.

My books, the best relief

In every other grief,

Are now with your idea sadden'd all:

Each favourite author we together read

My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human-kind:

The rolling year its varying course perform'd,

And back return'd again;

Another and another smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:

Still in her golden chain

Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:

Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will--and be that will obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you
more!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY.

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
 Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Filleigh, in the
 County of Devon, Esq. &c.
 Who departed this life the 19th of January, 1746-7, aged 29 ;
 Having employed the short time assigned to her here
 In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
 Though weak, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
 Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
 Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

*EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,*

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's Genius hung her drooping head,
 And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled,
 On that fam'd day when France combin'd with
 Spain,
 Strove for the wide dominion of the main,
 Yet, Cornwall ! all with generous voice agree,
 To pay the tribute of applause to thee.

When his bold chief in thickest fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd,
With indignation mov'd he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name ;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He sav'd his leader's life, but lost his own.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT, IN 1747.

YE weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplished Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record !
Such spotless honour ; such ingenuous truth !
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth !
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd ;
He, too, like Sidney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms :
Like him, possess'd of every pleasant art,
The secret wish of every female's heart :
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country died.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BOYSE;

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

THE LIFE
OF
SAMUEL BOYSE.

SAMUEL BOYSE, the only son of Joseph Boyse, a dissenting minister of considerable eminence in Dublin, was born in the year 1708, and after receiving the rudiments of education in a private school in that city, was sent, at the age of eighteen, to the university of Glasgow. His father's intention was, that he should cultivate the studies which are preparatory to entering into the ministry; but before he had resided many months at Glasgow, he contracted an attachment for a Miss Atchenson, the daughter of a tradesman in that city, and married her about a year after, probably without the consent of the parents on either side.

By this imprudent match his studies were in some measure interrupted, and his expenses increased. The family of his wife were either unwilling or unable to support their new relation, and he soon found it necessary to repair to Dublin in hopes of receiving assistance from his father. On this expedition, he was accompanied by his wife and her sister: but notwithstanding this additional incumbrance, and the general levity of his conduct, his father received him with kindness, and out of the scanty and precarious income which he derived from his congregation by voluntary sub-

scriptions, and from a small estate of eighty pounds a year, in Yorkshire, endeavoured to maintain his son, and to reclaim him to the prosecution of his studies. Tenderness like this, however, which only to mention is to excite gratitude, produced no corresponding effect on Boyse, who abandoned his mind and time to dissipation and idleness, without a thought of what he owed to his father or to himself. In this course, too, he was unhappily encouraged by the girl he married, who, while she imposed upon the good old man by a show of decency and even sanctity, became, in fact, devoid of all shame, and at length shared her favours with other men, and that not without the knowledge of her husband, who is said to have either wanted resolution to resent her infidelity, or to have become reconciled by a share of the profits of his dishonour. Such a connection, and such a mind, at an age when the manly and ingenuous feelings are usually strongest, may easily account for the miseries of his subsequent life.

His father died in the year 1728, and his whole property having been exhausted in the support of his son, the latter repaired in 1730, to Edinburgh, where his poetical genius procured him many friends, and some patrons of considerable eminence, particularly the lords Stair, Tweedale, and Stormont; and there is some reason to think that he was occasionally entertained at their houses. In 1731, he published a volume of poems, to which was subjoined a translation of "THE TABLATURE OF CEBES," and a letter upon Liberty, which had been before published in the Dublin Journal. This volume, which was addressed to the Countess of Eglington, a lady of great accomplishments, procured him much reputation. He also wrote an elegy on the Viscountess Stormont, entitled, *The Tears of the Muses*, in compliment to her ladyship's taste as a patroness of poets. Lord Stormont was so much

pleased with this mark of respect to the memory of his lady, that he ordered a handsome present to be made to the author, whom, however, it was not easy to find.

By means of Lady Eglinton and Lord Stormont, Boyse became known to the Duchess of Gordon, who likewise was a person of literary taste, and cultivated the correspondence of some of the most eminent poets of her time. She was so desirous to raise Boyse above necessity, that she employed her interest in procuring the promise of a place for him; and accordingly gave him a letter, which he was, *next day*, to deliver to one of the commissioners of the customs at Edinburgh. "But it unluckily happened that he was then some miles distant from the city, and the morning on which he was to have gone to town, with her grace's letter, proved to be rainy. This trivial circumstance was sufficient to discourage Boyse, who was never accustomed to look beyond the present moment: he declined going to town on account of the rainy weather; and while he let slip the opportunity, the place was bestowed on another, which the commissioner declared he kept for *some time* vacant, in expectation of seeing a person recommended by the Duchess of Gordon."

While any prospect, however, remained of a more advantageous lot, he could still depend on the friends who first noticed him, and he had no sooner communicated his design of going to England, than the Duchess of Gordon gave him a commendatory letter to Mr. Pope, and obtained another for him to Sir Peter King, then Lord Chancellor. Lord Stormont also recommended him to his brother, the Solicitor-General, afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield. On his arrival in London, in 1737, he waited on Pope, but as he happened to be from home, he never repeated the visit. By the Lord Chancellor, he is said to have

been received with kindness, and to have occasionally been admitted to his lordship's table: so sordid were his habits, however, and such his aversion to polite company, that this latter part of his history, which he used to relate himself, has been doubted by those who lived near enough to the time to have known the fact.

But whatever advantage he derived from the recommendations he brought from Scotland, it does not appear that it made any alteration in his habits. In London, he was soon reduced to indigence, from which he tried no means of extricating himself, but by writing complimentary poems, or mendicant letters, except that he frequently applied for assistance to some of the more eminent dissenters, from whom he received many benefactions, in consequence of the respect which they paid to the memory of his father. But such supplies were dissipated in the lowest gratifications, and his friends were at length tired of exerting the bounty that was so useless to the object of it.

About the year 1738, he published a second volume of poems, but with what success it is not known. In the year 1740, he was sunk to the lowest state of poverty, having no clothes left in which he could appear abroad, and what bare subsistence he procured was by writing occasional poems for the magazines. Of the disposition of his apparel, Mr. Nichols received from Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, the following account. He used to pawn what he had of this sort, and it was no sooner redeemed by his friends, than pawned again. On one occasion, Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money for this purpose, and in two days the clothes were pawned again. In this state he remained in bed, with no other covering than a blanket, with two holes, through which he passed his arms when he sat up to write. The author of his life, in Cibber, adds, that when his distresses

were so pressing as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he used to cut some white paper in slips which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, while his other apparel was scarcely sufficient for the purposes of decency.

While in this wretched state, he published the *Deity*, a poem, which was highly praised by some of the best critics of the age. Among those whose praise was of considerable value, was Hervey, who made mention of it in his *Meditations*, "as a beautiful and instructive poem;" and Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*, after extracting a few lines, adds, that they are taken from "a very noble poem called *The Deity*, published about nine years ago, (1749) and long since buried in oblivion: a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad." Those encomiums tended to revive the poem, of which a third edition was published in 1752, and it has since been reprinted in various collections.

An account of *The Deity* was sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, although not inserted, was probably the means of Boyse's introduction to Mr. Cave, from whom he obtained some supplies for writing and translating in that journal between the years 1741 and 1743. Cave's practice was to pay by the hundred lines, which after a while he wanted poor Boyse to make what is call the *long hundred*. His usual signature for his poems was Y. or *Alcæus*. When in a spunging-house in Grocer's Alley, in the Poultry, he wrote the following letter to Cave, which was communicated to the editor of the *Biographia Britannica*.

"Inscription for St. Lazarus' Cave.

"Hodie, teste cœlo summo
Sine panno, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infestê,
Scribo tibæ dolens misté :

Fame, bile, tumet jecur
 Urbane, mitte opem, precor :
 Tibi enim cor humanum
 Non a malis alienum ;
 Mihi mens nec malé grata,
Pro a te favore data."
 ALCÆUS.

" Ex gehenna debitoria.
 Vulgo domo spongiatoria."

" SIR,

" I wrote you yesterday an account of my unhappy case. I am every moment threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid before hand, and I am loth to go into the Compter till I can see if my affair can possibly be made up : I hope therefore you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish your paper in my hands.—The Ode to the British Nation I hope to have done to-day, and want a proof copy of that part of Stowe you design for the present magazine, that it may be improved as far as possible from your assistance. Your papers are but ill transcribed. I agree with you as to St. Augustine's Cave. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here, and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed, so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of.

" I am, with sincere regard, Sir,
 " your unfortunate humble
 " servant,

" S. BOYSE.

" *Crown Coffee House,
 Grocer's Alley, Poultry,
 July 21, 1742.*"

" July 21, 1742

" Received from Mr. Cave the sum of half a guinea, by me in confinement.

"10s. 6d. Sent.

"S. BOYSE."

"I send Mr. Van Haren's Ode on Britain.

"To Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell."

The Ode on the British Nation, mentioned here, is a translation from Van Haren, a Dutch poet, from whose works he translated some other passages.

By a letter to Dr. Birch, dated October 23, 1742, it appears that he had an intention of publishing a translation of Voltaire's poetical works, and sent to the doctor a specimen of three of his Ethic Epistles. On the next day, he sent another letter supplicating assistance, and assuring Dr. Birch that his distress was not in any way the effect of his own misconduct!

When he had thus exhausted the patience of some, he made attempts on the humanity of others by yet meaner expedients. One of these was to employ his wife to circulate a report that he was just expiring; and many of his friends were surprised to meet the man in the streets to-day to whom they had yesterday sent relief, as to a person on the verge of dissolution. Proposals for works written or to be written was a more common trick: besides the translation of Voltaire, we find him, in one of his letters, thanking Sir Hans Sloane's goodness in encouraging his proposals for a life of Sir Francis Drake. But these expedients soon lost their effect: his friends became ashamed of his repeated frauds and general meanness of conduct, and could only mix with their contempt some hope that his brain was disordered.

In 1743, he published, without his name, an Ode on the battle of Dettingen, entitled Albion's Triumph. In 1745, we find him at Reading, where he was employed in compiling a work, published in 1747, in two volumes octavo, under the title of *An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from the commencement of the War with*

Spain in 1739 to the insurrection in Scotland in 1745; with the Proceedings in Parliament, and the most remarkable domestic Occurrences during that Period: To which is added, An impartial History of the late Rebellion, interspersed with Characters and Memoirs, and illustrated with Notes. To this he affixed his name, with the addition of M. A. a degree which it is probable he assumed without authority. The work, however, considered as a compilation of recent and consequently very imperfectly known events, is said to possess considerable merit.

During his residence at Reading, his wife died. Being unable to purchase mourning, he tied a piece of black ribband round the neck of a lap-dog which he carried about in his arms: and when in liquor, he always indulged a dream of his wife being still alive, and would talk very spitefully of those by whom he suspected she was entertained. This he never mentioned, however, but in his cups, which was as often as he had money to spend. The manner, it is added, by his biographer, of his becoming intoxicated was very particular. As he had no spirit to keep good company, he retired to some obscure ale-house, and regaled himself with hot two-penny, which though he drank in very great quantities, yet he had never more than a pennyworth at a time. Such a practice rendered him so completely sottish, that even his abilities, as an author, were sensibly impaired.

After his return from Reading, his behaviour, it is said, became so decent, that hopes were entertained of his reformation. He now obtained some employment in translating, of which, from the French language, at least, he was very capable; but his former irregularities had gradually undermined his constitution, and enfeebled his powers both of body and mind. He died, after a lingering illness, in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane, in the

month of May, 1749. The manner of his death is variously related. Mr. Giles, a collector of poems, says he was informed by Mr. Sandby, the bookseller, that Boyse was found dead in his bed, with a pen in his hand, and in the act of writing: and Dr. Johnson informed Mr. Nichols that he was run over by a coach, when in a fit of intoxication; or that he was brought home in such a condition as to make this probable, but too far gone to be able to give any account of the accident.

Such was the life of a man whose writings, as far as we have been able to discover them, are uniformly in favour of virtue, remarkable for justness of sentiment on every subject in which the moral character is concerned, and not unfrequently for the loftiness and dignity which mark the effusions of a pure and independent mind.

His mind, indeed, was often religiously disposed: he frequently thought upon that subject; and probably suffered a great deal from the remorse of his conscience. The early impressions of his good education were never entirely obliterated; and his whole life was a continual struggle between his will and reason, as he was always violating his duty to the one, while he fell under the subjection of the other.

The life of Boyse, however, as it has been handed down to us, without any affected palliation, will not be wholly useless if it in any degree contribute to convince the dissipated and thoughtless, of what dissipation and thoughtlessness must inevitably produce. It is much to be regretted that they who mourn over the misfortunes of genius, have been too frequently induced, by the artifice of partial biographers, to suppose that misery is the inseparable lot of men of distinguished talents, and that the world has no rewards for those by whom it has been instructed or delighted, except poverty and neglect. Such is the propensity of some to

murmur without reason, and of others to sympathize without discrimination, that this unfair opinion of mankind might be received as unanswerable, if we had no means of looking more closely into the lives of those who are said to have been denied that extraordinary indulgence to which they laid claim. Where the truth has been honestly divulged, however, we shall find that of the complaints which lenity or affectation have encouraged and exaggerated in narrative, some will appear to have very little foundation, and the others to be trifling and capricious. Men of genius have no right to expect more favourable consequences from imprudence and vice than what are common to the meanest of mankind. Whatever estimate they may have formed of their superiority, if they pass the limits allotted to character, happiness, or health, they must not hope that the accustomed rules of society are to be broken, or the common process of nature is to be suspended, in order that they may be idle without poverty, or intemperate without sickness. Yet the lives of men celebrated for literary, and especially for poetical talents, afford many melancholy examples of those delusions, which, if perpetuated by mistaken kindness, cannot add any thing to genius but a fictitious privilege, which it is impossible to vindicate with seriousness, or exert with impunity.

DEITY.

DEITY.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum. HOR.

FROM Earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues ;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine !
Recal, fond bard, thy long-enchanted sight,
Deluded with the visionary light !
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue !

But oh, alas ! unhallow'd and profane,
How shall thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain ?
Do thou who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come ;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom :
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came ;
Till Heav'n and Nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
 The various forms the universe compose? [arose
 From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
 Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
 Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!
 Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
 Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
 Sole light of Heav'n! acknowledg'd life of Earth;
 Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
 whole,

This wide expanded all from pole to pole!
 Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,
 Or fix the era of eternity?

Should we, deceived by Error's sceptic glass,
 Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
 Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
 That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below;
 When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
 Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
 When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
 How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
 Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
 What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
 Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
 Could nothing link the universal chain?

No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
 Here reason its eternal Author finds,
 The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
 Enlivens matter, and produces minds!

}

Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
 Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows !
 A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
 By which we think, design, reflect and know ;
 These from a cause superior date their rise,
 " Abstract in essence from material ties."

An origin immortal, as supreme,
 From whose pure day, celestial rays ! they came
 In whom all possible perfections shine,
 Eternal, self-existent, and divine !

From this great spring of uncreated might !
 This all-resplendent orb of vital light ;
 Whence all created beings take their rise,
 Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies ;
 Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
 Which Heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below !
 Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
 Than emanations of the' Eternal Mind !
 Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
 (Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear !)
 That what for ever was—must surely be
 Beyond commencement, and from period free ;
 Drawn from himself his native excellence,
 His date eternal, and his space immense !
 And all of whom that man can comprehend,
 Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.

In him from whom existence boundless flows,
 Let humble faith its sacred trust repose :
 Assur'd on his eternity depend,
 " Eternal Father ! and eternal Friend !"
 Within that mystic circle safety seek,
 No time can lessen, and no force can break ;
 And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
 High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days !

UNITY.

Thus recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!

Approach, celestial Muse, the' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore the' exalted One!

In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!

Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creature sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal gods believe!

Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramianus bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In diff'rent individuals we find

An evident disparity of mind;

Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;

But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;

How soon would universal order cease!

How soon would discord harmony displace!

Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,

Nor yield, supported by eternal might;

Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew!

Matter from motion cross impressions takes,

As serv'd each pow'r his rival's power to break,

While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
 Would view the never-ending strife increase,
 And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
 While new creations would opposing rise,
 And elemental war deform the skies;
 Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
 Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
 Destroys religion, and debases wit;
 The first by such an anarchy undone,
 The last acknowledges its source but one.
 As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
 That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
 Exploring, till they find their native deep!

Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
 Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name!
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
 And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes unfold;
 Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
 The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
 To them responsive, let creation sing,
 Thee, indivisible eternal king!

SPIRITUALITY.

O SAY, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
 Disdains the low material ties of earth;
 By what bright images shall be defin'd
 The mystic nature of the' eternal Mind!
 Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
 Where all that reason can—is to adore;

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind:
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe:
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!

Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
 Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
 So its bright orb the' aspiring flame would join,
 But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
 If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
 Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
 Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
 Produce a master, and resign his skies;
 Impart his incommunicable flame,
 The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
 Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
 Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
 Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
 The reason of its form might so demand,
 As man presume to question his dispose
 From whom the power he thus abuses flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
 The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires:
 Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
 And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
 Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
 Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
 With grateful flames the living altars glow,
 And God descends to visit man below!

OMNIPRESENCE.

THROUGH th' unmeasurable tracks of space
 Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
 See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
 He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!
 Shouldst thou above the Heav'n of Heav'ns ascend,
 Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
 The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear!

There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest !
Could'st thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom !
Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light :
Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save ;
What pow'r alas ! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day !

In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie :
Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole :
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know ;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in Heav'n his seat ;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow ;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood :
Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day !

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too :
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th' idea of a ruling mind !
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial Providence !
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave ;

Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye :
 And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh !
 An absent God no abler to defend,
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
 If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
 And unrewarded virtue toil — to fail !
 The moral world a second chaos lie,
 And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye !

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
 From his high pow'r its slender texture takes ;
 While in his book the various parts enroll'd,
 Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives !

Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed !

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene !
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
 "And vindicates the ways of God to man."

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
 From Heav'n descended, as by Heav'n inspir'd ;
 His all-enlight'ning omnipresence own,
 When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
 known ;

His wide omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
 And bless th' Eternal, all-informing Soul,
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
 whole.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
 Is always independent, always free,
 Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
 Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
 Power self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
 If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
 That God his fix'd stability should lose;
 How startles reason at a thought so strange!
 What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
 If from his own divine productive thought,
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
 Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
 Never decreases, never overflows!
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
 The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below, through different forms does matter range,
 And life subsists from elemental change;
 Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
 While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey!

With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow crowded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason through the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all his ways are right!

Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date;
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway!
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

OMNIPOTENCE.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
 Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
 Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
 Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue :
 But come, superior Muse ! divinely bright,
 Daughter of Heav'n, whose offspring still are light ;
 Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest !

To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
 While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
 And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space !

Thou present were, when forth th' Almighty rode,
 While Chaos trembled at the voice of God !
 Thou saw, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
 When Nothing from his word existence knew !
 His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
 While conscious light was kindled at the sound !
 Creation fair surpris'd the' angelic eyes,
 And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise !

Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays !
 Let the wild sceptic his attention throw,
 To the broad horizon, or earth below ;
 He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
 He feels the God, and owns him unconfest :
 Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
 In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
 Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?
 Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought !

What hand, Almighty Architect ! but thine,
 Could give the model of this vast design ?
 What hand but thine adjust the' amazing whole ?
 And bid consenting systems beauteous roll !

What hand but thine supply the solar light!
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?

Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for He were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye.
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The Sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
 The glittering planet or the painted skies ;
 Equal, the clephant's or emmet's dress
 The wisdom of Omnipotence confess ;
 Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
 With the small insect in the crowded grass ;
 The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
 In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee !
 Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds
 A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
 To him a peopled habitation shows,
 Where millions taste the bounty God bestows !

Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
 Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
 Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
 But to annihilate, dread King ! is thine.
 Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
 How languid Nature would astonish'd stand !
 Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
 And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before !

See in corruption, all-surprising state,
 How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate ;
 Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
 Nor stops the wondrous process to descry ;
 Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
 And with delight Almighty Wisdom views !
 The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
 Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays !
 Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
 Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb !
 With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
 And dress him for the bus'ness of the grave !
 Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he
 springs,
 Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings !

With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!

How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!

When Earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,

How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!

When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!

Thy light conducting point the patent way;
Obedient ocean to their march divide

The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;

While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!

Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!

Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!

Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!

What limits can Omnipotence confine?
 What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
 The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
 When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
 Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
 Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
 Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
 Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

WISDOM.

O THOU, who, when the' Almighty form'd this all,
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
 And as his hand completed each design,
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine!
 O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
 What tongues shall make thy charms celestial
 known?

What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?

What though in nature's universal store
 Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
 Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
 Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
 But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
 The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws ;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought ;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs ;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day !

See how, associate, round their central sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run ;
Still, equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews,
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies :
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train ;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene ;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass :
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the' enormous whale ;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes !
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same :
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man !

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please ?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The beautifier, or the beautified ?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes ;
His works our love and our attention steal ;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil ;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies !
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart ;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r ;
O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more !

PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays ;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends ;
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise ;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight ?

Almighty cause ! 'tis thy preserving care
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair ;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light ;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray :
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews :
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews :
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm ;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face ;
When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke ;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke ;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail ;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam ;
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream ;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends ;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood ;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine !
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea ;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their watery deluge pour'd no more !
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,

On Arrarat the happy patriarch tost,
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost ;
 There his fond eycs review'd the pleasing scene,
 The Earth all verdant, and the air serene !
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
 While Noah grateful adoration paid !
 Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
 The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
 And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd ;
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From thee all human actions take their springs,
 The rise of empires, and the fall of kings !
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread !
 With pomp the shining images succeed,
 What leaders triumph ! and what monarchs bleed !
 Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
 Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd :
 Awhile they glitter in the face of day,
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away ;
 No traces left of all the busy scene,
 But that remembrance says—"The things have
 been !"

" But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
 The ague-fits her face so oft reveals ?
 Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
 breast ?

Whence tempests rage ? or yellow plagues infect ?
 Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store ?
 Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour ?"
 Go, sceptic mole ! demand the' eternal cause,
 The secret of his all-preserving laws ?

The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more ?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds ?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne ?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage ;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell ?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below !
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and the' usurper dead ;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career,
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall ;
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare :
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust !

But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,

When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom !
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade ;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing doubt, eternal wisdom own !

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread ;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain ;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye !
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death at-
tend ;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODNESS.

YE seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censors fill :
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands ;

Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice the' angelic lyre !
Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
Who once were mortal,—now a happier train !
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs.
Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh, deign my glowing bosom to inspire ;
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing !

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God ! declare ;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd :
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays ;
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild ! thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command ;
When, pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works re-
view'd,

And Goodness placid, spoke that all was good !

Nor only does in Heav'n thy Goodness shine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine ;
The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care ;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.

The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away :
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye :
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course the' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good ;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live ;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they
revive !

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs !
" Life's common blessings all her children share,"
Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air !
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all !

Oh man ! degenerate man ! offend no more !
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore !
Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone !
Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the
eyes !

Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims !
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live ;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die !
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost !

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
"Good will on earth to man, and peace in Heav'n!"
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above:
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain!
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!

Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood ?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace ?
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son !

O blest Redeemer, f om thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won !
(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name ;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace ;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine ?

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display ;
Fair Son of Righteousness ! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies !
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh, great Messiah ! show thy promis'd reign ;
O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews ;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more !

RECTITUDE.

HENCE distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain :
Ye worms of pow'r ! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great !

But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind !
 Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
 Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
 Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
 The spotless justice of the' Almighty King !

As only Rectitude divine he knows
 As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose ;
 So these the dictates which the' Eternal Mind
 To reasonable beings has assign'd ;
 These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
 The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest !
 When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
 He still attentive keeps the fault in sight ;
 Demands that strict atonement should be made,
 And claims the forfeit on the' offender's head !

But Doubt demands—"Why man dispos'd this
 way ?

Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray ?
 If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
 Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he."
 No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
 What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd ?
 From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
 Her spirits languish when she finds no foe !
 Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
 Happy, without the privilege of will,
 And just, because his hands were tied from ill !
 O wondrous scheme, to mend the' almighty plan,
 By sinking all the dignity of man !

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
 And view thy happiness and choice allied ;
 See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,
 A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give ;

See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd :
And, say, were yet no other marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful ? or is Heav'n unkind ?

“Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
The wretch adopts--the wretch improves them all.”
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed !
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth ;
Had Nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky !
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from the' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales.
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs ;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels ;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate !
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe ;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount ;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God !

Oh then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm ;
While heav'nly Patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime ;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die !

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth ;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt :
Remorseless Murder ! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear ;
Go, Lust impure ! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night :
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies !
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow !
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain !
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow !
And drive you to the realms of night below !

But Doubt resumes—"If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed ;
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear !
Too harsh ! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day !"

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry ;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high ;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan.
His ways how different from the ways of man !
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe ;

Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend !
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends ;
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed !

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right ;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means ;
While neither force nor passion guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues !
That bitter spring, the source of human pain !
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain ;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow ;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole !
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life !

And you, ye happier souls ! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise ;
Ye righteous few ! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd :
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching Heav'n,

With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you into light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

GLORY.

BUT oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
The' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, the brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious Author of his frame!

Transcendent Power ! sole arbiter of fate !
How great thy glory ! and thy bliss how great !
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the Heav'ns, or beautify the earth ;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise !
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll ;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame ;
Thou eye of Nature ! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day ;
Consenting raise the' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound !
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear !
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey !
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews !
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze !
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale !
His praise ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale !
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring !
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep !

Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green !
Nor thou vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear !
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine !
While by his works the' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd !

Great Lord of life ! from whom this humble frame
Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey !
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd ;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful reverence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way ;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

END OF VOL. XXXI.

